MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

AUGUST

NO. 34

10¢

TIMELY COMICS

CAPTAIN AMERICA
ALL WINNERS
YOUNG ALLIES
THE HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
MYSTIC
MARVEL COMICS
MOST
TIMELY COMICS
SUCCESSFUL SELLERS
IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS THE REMARKABLE COMIC MAGAZINES PRINTED UNDER THE FAMOUS NAME OF TIMELY COMICS" HAVE BECOME AMERICA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SELLERS!
YOU READERS HAVE KEPT OUR MAGAZINES ON TOP AND WE PROMISE TO CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU THE ART WORK AND STORIES WHICH WILL KEEP THEM ON TOP!
Also 2 GREAT LAFF BOOKS!
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MAGAZINES UNDER THE TIMELY SEAL!
TIMELY COMICS
RIOT OF FUN
WITH MANY MORE GLEEFUL CHUCKLE-PACKED ISSUES TO COME!
COMEDY COMICS
JOKER COMICS
LEE

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HUMAN TORCH
TORCH'S
CANNON-BALL COMIC MAGAZINES, FILLED WITH POTENT PAGES OF PROPO-GANDA, MADE THE NAZI FOOLS DROOL AS IT CAUGHT THEM UNPREPARED! --
AND IT ALL STARTED BECAUSE CARL BURGOS WAS LOOKING FOR A NEW IDEA!
MARVEL

This STRANGEST STORY EVER NARRATED IN PICTURE COMIC BOOKS STARTS IN THE SPACIOUS STUDIO APARTMENT OF CARL BURGOS, ORIGINATOR OF THE HUMAN TORCH...
YE GADS! A TWO-DAY DEADLINE AND NO STORY! -- YIPES! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
HO-HUM! GUESS I'LL PRACTISE A BIT ON TORCHY AND TORO! THAT'S THE WAY IDEAS COME! ...
HMM! FINISHED! ... BOY! DO THEY LOOK REAL! BUT WHAT I STILL NEED IS A STORY!
Suddenly... A CRIMSON GLOW FILLS THE ROOM... EERIE... MYSTERIOUS... AND THEN .....
HIYA, CARL!
...OR SHOULD WE SAY POPPA?
BLAZES! -- THE DRAWING'S AFIRE!
HOW IN...?
THAT'S OUR SECRET, CARL!
SOMEDAY WE'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!
WELL, BOYS... WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
WE JUST COULDN'T SEE YOU THERE BENT OVER THE BOARD WITHOUT AN IDEA... SO NEAR THE DEADLINE... SO TORO AND I COOKED UP AN IDEA!
AND WAIT'LL YOU HEAR IT!

WELL... WHAT IS IT?
YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE RATS, HITLER, GOEBBELS, AN' GOERING! ... WELL ---
THE HUMAN TORCH LAYS OUT HIS PLAN FOR THE ARTIST -- AND ...
... AND THAT'S IT!
WHY... IT'S AMAZING!
NOT BAD, BOSS!
I'LL CONTACT MY PUBLISHER AND WE'LL PROCEED AT ONCE... WITH THE PLAN!
ALL RIGHT... AND WE'LL STAND BY TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING WORKS OUT SMOOTHLY!
YEAH! WE HOPE YOU GET AN O.K. FROM THE PUBLISHER, CARL ---
TWELVE MINUTES LATER... AT THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE...
CARL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MEETING A DEADLINE!
I KNOW, BOSS, BUT I'VE JUST BEEN HANDED THE MOST SENSATIONAL IDEA SINCE THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!
CARL EXPLAINS...
SO... YOU SEE... IT CAN'T FAIL!
ZOUNDS! IT'S AMAZING! WOW! I CAN JUST SEE THE FACES OF HITLER AND HIS AIDES RIGHT NOW... IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!
GO RIGHT TO WORK, CARL, AND PUT PLENTY OF SOCK INTO IT!
RIGHT, MARTIN! I'M RARIN' TO GO!
OKAY, BOYS! ROLL THAT STORY AND MAKE IT LIVE!
WATCH THIS TYPEWRITER TALK!
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AND SO THE WHEELS ROLL... THE STORY IS POLISHED OFF...
CARL'S ART STAFF GOES TO WORK --AND THEIR BRUSHES FLY AS THEY FINISH HIS DRAWINGS!...
STILL LATER-- HUGE PRINTING PRESSES EJECT THE FINISHED PRODUCT... COMIC BOOKS!
...OFF TO THE ENGRAVER GO THE FINISHED DRAWINGS...
WELL... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
SAY! HA-HA! THIS IS POLITICAL DYNAMITE!
HA-HA!
HA-HA!
HO-HO-HO!
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, CRATES OF COMIC BOOKS ARE LOADED ON A FREIGHTER!
SOON THEY'LL BE IN ENGLAND!
YES, AND ONCE THEY'RE OVER THERE, THE BOYS OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE SQUADRON WILL DO THE REST!
BUT... IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP...
WE WERE ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE THE CONTENTS OF THESE CRATES --BUT WHY?
IT IS NOT OUR DUTY TO QUESTION, BUT TO OBEY! QUICK! PRY OPEN A CASE!
COMIC BOOKS! BAH! WHAT KIND OF JOKING IS THIS?
WAIT!... LOOK!
LOOKS LIKE A JOKE, ALL RIGHT! BUT A BAD ONE FOR THE FATHERLAND IF THESE BOOKS REACH ENGLAND!
THEN WE MUST DESTROY THEM, AT ONCE!
MARVEL COMICS
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WHILE, ON DECK...
GLAD YOU'RE HERE, TORCH!
YUP-- THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE SOME TROUBLE!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE CHECKING UP ON YOUR MEN?
YOU MEAN THOSE TWO COMING OUT OF THE HOLD? --SURE!
THOSE LOOK LIKE SOME OF THE STEVEDORES!
BETTER MAKE SURE...
SUDDENLY, TORCH PUTS ON HIS FLAME AND THE WHOLE DECK IS LIGHTED UP BRILLIANTLY!
AVAST, THERE!
A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT, CAPTAIN!
TORCH SPRINGS AND THE FLAMES ABOUT HIS HANDS GO OUT AS HE COLLARS THE TWO MEN...
WHOA!-- BACK YOU GO!
SINCE WHEN DO YOU STEVEDORES WEAR SUCH FANCY CLOTHES!
GOLLY! YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH!
I'LL SAY!
LOOK, TORCH... --SMOKE!
FROM THE HOLD, TOO!
SO THERE WAS DIRTY WORK DONE BELOW! --LET'S SEE THE CRATES!

TAKE CARE OF THEM, TORO, WHILE I FIDDLE WITH THE FIRE!
OKAY, TORCH!
HA!... SO YOU SWIPED A COPY. PRETTY GOOD STUFF, TOO!
IT'S NOT AS FUNNY AS YOU'D THINK IT IS!
AS TORO LOWERS HIS HEAD FOR A SECOND...
THERE, YOU LITTLE IMP!
GOOD WORK, GUSTAV...
YEEOWW!
AH! HE'S DONE FOR!
QUICK! LET'S BEAT IT! HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN! HE HAS A GUN!
STOP THEM!
RUN INTO THE SHADOWS! THEY WON'T FIND US AMONG THE CARGO CARS!
BANG!
AS TORCH EMERGES FROM THE HOLD...
WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... SAY!
THEY ESCAPED AFTER KNOCKING TORO INTO THE WATER... HE'LL BE CRUSHED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE PIER!
PIER 41
HOLD YOUR HANDS OUT OF THE WATER, KID, AND FLAME THEM!
(GLUB) I'LL TRY! (GLUB)
YEGADS! THE SHIP'S MOVING IN!
6

AS TORO SUCCEEDS IN FLAMING HIS HANDS, TORCH BLAZES AND SWOOPS DOWN TO -----
HOLD ON!
AND HOW... BROTHER!
...AND THEY CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD -- KNOCKED ME INTO THE WATER!
YES! I HEARD YOU YELL -- AND I CAME RUNNING!
SO THEY KNOW WHAT CARGO THIS SHIP HOLDS. OF COURSE, THEY KNOW IT'S GOING TO GERMANY -- AND THAT MEANS TROUBLE!
OH, WELL, THE R.A.F. BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
HAWSERS ARE CAST OFF, AND SLOWLY THE BOAT LOADED WITH "PRINTED DYNAMITE" STEAMS OUT OF THE HARBOR...
DROP THE FUN ON THE BUMS FOR ME!
BON VOYAGE, CAPTAIN!
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND... A WEEK LATER, THE SHIP MAKES PORT...
HERE WE ARE, CAP'N!
MUCH TO HITLER'S REGRET, I IMAGINE!
THAT'S THE LAST CRATE! WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH!
YOU SAID IT! ASIDE FROM THOSE SLIGHTLY BURNT COPIES FOUND BY TORCH IN AMERICA, EVERYTHING IS PERFECT!
HA! HA!
AND SO THE UNUSUAL CARGO FINDS ITSELF TRUCKED TO AN R.A.F. AIRDROME, WHERE HUGE BOMBERS WAIT TO BE LOADED WITH THEM.
THIS IS REALLY GOING TO BE MORE FUN THAN DUTY!
I'LL SAY!
FULLY LOADED WITH THE BOOKS, THE PLANES DRONE INTO THE AIR -- DESTINED FOR GERMANY!
ADOLPH HERE WE COME!
7

WHILE IN BERLIN -- THREE WELL-KNOWN INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS ARE DEEP IN DESPAIR! ...
ACH! VE VILL BE MADE DER LAUGHING STOCK OF DER VORLD IF DER-ENGLISH GET THROUGH AND DROP THOSE BOOKS! LOOK! DER COPY OUR AGENTS SENT US PROOFS IT! YAH!
YAH!
YAH!

BUT DEY SHALL NOT GET THROUGH! I HAFF ORDERED VON HUNDERD FIGHTING BLANES TO STOP DEM! VE VILL DESTROY DAT FILTHY CARGO!
ENGLISH FLIGHT REPORTED ON WAY TO GERMANY!

HITLER ORDERS THE NAZI PLANES TO RACE MADLY FOR THE ENGLISH FLIGHT!
DOUBLE DOT ORDER! MAKE IT TWO HUNDERD BLANES!
YAH, FUEHRER!

A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT COMMENCES AS THE R.A.F. SMASHES INTO THE NAZI FORMATION!

WHILE BELOW...
AH! THREE -- FOUR -- FIVE MORE BLANES
SHOT DOWN! GOOT! HEY!.... VAIT! DEY'RE OURS! BAH!
PLEASE, ADOLPH! A LOOK--NEIN?

THE BRITISH MASTER THE AIR AND SUDDENLY THE BOMBERS' BELLIES OPEN AND A POTENT WEAPON FLOWS OUT IN A CASCADING STREAM --COMIC BOOKS!

COMIC BOOKS!
WHAT'S THIS?
MAYBE THE ALLIES LIKE US KIDS!
BETTER THAN THE CANDY WE GET -- ANY WAY!
YIPPEE! WE NEVER GOT THESE IN SCHOOL!
IT'S FREE, TOO!
MARVEL
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A FORMIDABLE WEAPON STRIKES AT THE FUEHRER --- RIDICULE!
HA-HA! --JUST LOOK AT THE SILLINESS OF THE FUEHRER!
HAH! HAH! THAT'S FUNNY!
HEE! HAW! WHY, IT'S RIDICULOUS!
BEST COMIC I EVER READ!
CONFISCATE THOSE COMIC BOOKS AT ONCE! SHOOT ANYONE WHO LAUGHS! THIS MUST STOP!
AT ONCE, FUEHRER!
REMEMBER! SHOOT ANYONE LAUGHING AT THE COMIC BOOKS! EVERYBODY MUST STOP LAUGHING! --ORDERS FROM DER FUEHRER!
THE ELITE GUARD MARCHES!
GO AHEAD! TAKE IT AWAY! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM LAUGHING! HA-HA!
HA! HA!
HEY, DUTCH! LOOKA DIS! HAW!
STOP THAT LAUGHTER!
HO-HAW! HOW CAN WE? HERE--TAKE A LOOK!
CURIOSITY OVERWHELMS THE GUARD AND THEY TAKE A PEEK AT THE LAUGH-PROVOKING BOOK.
WHAT CAN BE SO FUNNY!
LOOK!
HA! HA! HO! HO!
THE RESULTS ARE AMAZING!---
HAW! HAW! DOT ISS FUNNY!
HO! HO! LOOK AT DER FUEHRER!
HA! HA! HA!
AND SO THE UNDERGROUND MOVES RAPIDLY--AND SOON THE BOOKS ARE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH GERMANY! LAUGHTER ROARS OVER THE LAND, AND MAKES HISTORY!
HA! HA! HO! HO! HA! HO! HO!
GERMANY
WHILE GERMANY LAUGHS, HITLER FUMES!
CONTACT OUR GESTAPO AGENTS IN AMERICA AND ORDER THEM TO EXTERMINATE THIS CARL BURGOS WHO STARTED THE ACT OF DEFAMATION!
AT ONCE, FUEHRER!

WHILE BACK IN NEW YORK--
--AND THE WHOLE GERMAN EMPIRE IS LAUGHING THE FUEHRER INTO SHAME! IT'S AMAZING AND UNBELIEVABLE WHAT COMIC BOOK PROPAGANDA CAN DO!
---IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE--
WELL, WE'VE DONE IT, CARL! TORCH'S PLAN WORKED TO PERFECTION!
AND ALL OF GERMANY'S IN AN UPROAR! I HEAR SABOTAGE IS RAMPANT AND RESISTANCE AGAINST THE NAZI RULE IS STIFFENING OVER THE LAND!
...WHAT COMIC PROPOGANDA CAN DO!
SO LONG, BOSS -- I'VE GOT TO MEET BILL EVERETT -- TORCH AND TORO ... SEE YOU LATER!
RIGHT, CARL!
AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE...
HIYA, BILL! HAVE YOU SEEN TORCH AND TORO?
HIYA, CHUM! THEY PHONED AND WILL BE HERE LATER! --HAVE A SODA?
LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLAN WAS A SMASHING SUCCESS!
YOU BET! (GULP)
A MINUTE LATER...
OOOOOOH! MY HEAD! UGGHH!
CARL! WHAT HAPPENED?
JUST THEN TORCH AND TORO STEP IN...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CARL?
CARL FELL OVER IN A DEAD FAINT!
LOOKS LIKE A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT, FROM THE LIVID COLOR OF HIS FACE!
GET AN AMBULANCE, TOO!
I'LL PHONE!
I-I--CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

SAY! WHERE'S THE SODA JERKER!
GONE -- AND HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO!
TORCH SAUNTERS TO THE BACK ROOM . . .
AH! GETTING READY FOR THE GETAWAY!
THAT SODA OUGHT TO FIX THAT TROUBLE-MAKER!
AS TORCH IS ABOUT TO MOVE . . .
NOT SO FAST! UP WITH THEM!
OH-OH!
GET INSIDE, YOU!
YOU SAY! I OBEY-- LONEY!
AH! -- WE MEET AGAIN!
HMM! WAKE UP! YOU'RE THE SAME TWO GUYS WHO TRIED TO DESTROY THE SHIP'S CARGO!
RIGHT! NOW WE DESTROY YOU!
DON'T TRY TO FLAME -- OR WE'LL DRILL THE SODA-JERKER!
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
But...
A FLAME LARIAT!
IT'S THAT BRAT TORO!
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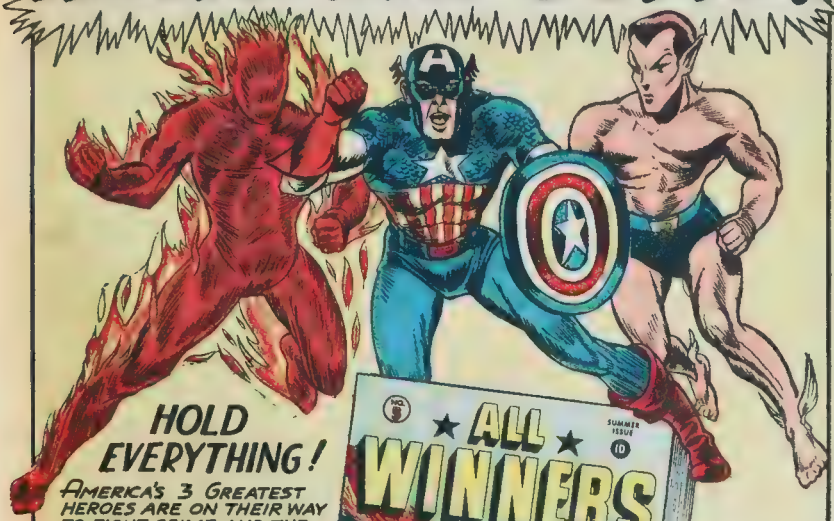
SURPRISE!
INTO THEM, TORCH!
COMING!
HERE'S A DOSE OF POISON YOU'LL BE CARRYING AROUND FOR A LONG TIME!
YEOW!
CONTACT, TORCH!
OOF!
OKAY, TORCHY!
THE POLICE ENTER . . .
STOP! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
HERE'S THE LAW!
ALL RIGHT! YOU MUGS SAY SOMETHING!
THE FUEHRER WAS MAD BECAUSE OF THE TROUBLE BURGOS STIRRED UP WITH HIS COMIC BOOKS, AND HAS ORDERED HIS DEATH!
BAH! YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
WELL, THAT'S THAT! LET'S TRUCK OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE HOW CARL IS MAKING OUT!
LET'S GO!
HOPE THE OLD BOY 'HELD OUT!
THEY FIND CARL IN GOOD SPIRITS . . .
GUESS THEY COULDN'T POISON A MAN WITH A CAST-IRON STOMACH!
HAH!
OUR BOSS? NOPE!
SAY! WHAT AN IDEA I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF -- IT'S SENSATIONAL!
WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T SPILL IT HERE, OR YOU'LL RUIN IT FOR OUR READERS! LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MONTH TILL THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! -- AND I'VE A HUNCH IT'LL TOP EVERYTHING!
SO THE TORCH HAS A SECRET?
BOY! WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THE BIG NEWS!
HUMAN TORCH NEVERS DISAPPOINTS!
WHILE YOU WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS, WHY NOT GET A COPY OF THE HUMAN TORCH QUARTERLY...
10¢ AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND ... EVERYWHERE!

O.K. AXIS, HERE WE COME!



HOLD EVERYTHING!

AMERICA'S 3 GREATEST HEROES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO FIGHT CRIME AND THE AXIS FIENDS!

DON'T MISS ONE ACTION-PACKED PAGE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE WITH THESE GREAT FIGHTERS...

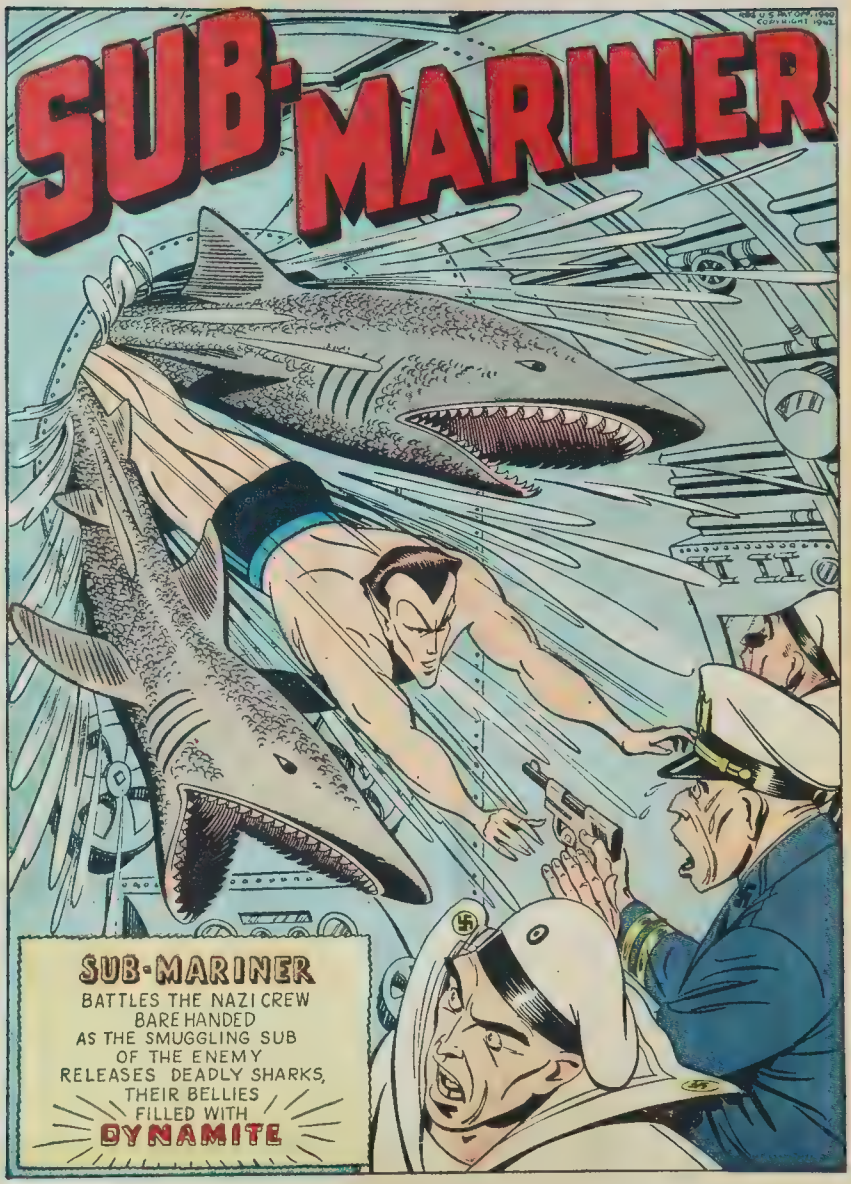
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HUMAN TORCH
SUB MARINER

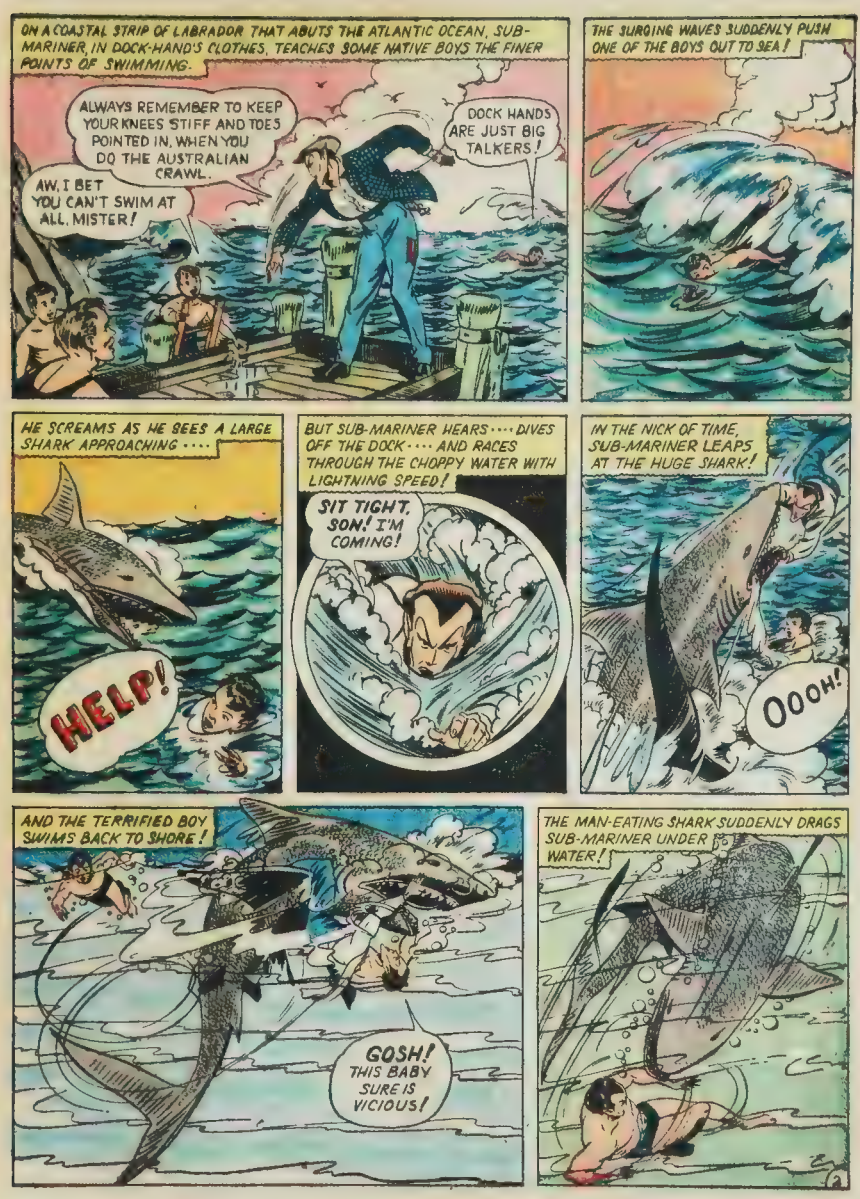
AND AS ADDED THRILL-FEATURES... 24 PAGES OF-

THE DESTROYER AND THE WHIZZER!

WATCH FOR THIS SENSATIONAL ISSUE!

ON SALE SOON!


SUB-MARINER
COPYRIGHT 1942
SUB-MARINER
BATTLES THE NAZI CREW
BARE HANDED
AS THE SMUGGLING SUB
OF THE ENEMY
RELEASES DEADLY SHARKS,
THEIR BELLIES
FILLED WITH
DYNAMITE


ON A COASTAL STRIP OF LABRADOR THAT ABUTS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, SUB-MARINER, IN DOCK-HAND'S CLOTHES, TEACHES SOME NATIVE BOYS THE FINER POINTS OF SWIMMING.
ALWAYS REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR KNEES STIFF AND TOES POINTED IN, WHEN YOU DO THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL.
DOCK HANDS ARE JUST BIG TALKERS!
AW, I BET YOU CAN'T SWIM AT ALL, MISTER!
THE SURGING WAVES SUDDENLY PUSH ONE OF THE BOYS OUT TO SEA!
HE SCREAMS AS HE SEES A LARGE SHARK APPROACHING ····
HELP!
BUT SUB-MARINER HEARS ···· DIVES OFF THE DOCK ···· AND RACES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
SIT TIGHT, SON! I'M COMING!
IN THE NICK OF TIME, SUB-MARINER LEAPS AT THE HUGE SHARK!
OOOH!
AND THE TERRIFIED BOY SWIMS BACK TO SHORE!
GOSH! THIS BABY SURE IS VICIOUS!
THE MAN-EATING SHARK SUDDENLY DRAGS SUB-MARINER UNDER WATER!

THE DEATH BATTLE CONTINUES--- AND SUB-MARINER SEES ---!
HOLY SARDINES! HE'S GOT A DEEP HARPOON-GASH IN HIS BACK! NO WONDER HE'S SO VICIOUS!
AS SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL MUSCLES BEAR DOWN ON THE SHARK'S JAW, THE FISH SUDDENLY WHIPS OVER!
WOW! HE'S TRYING TO THROW ME OFF!
BUT SUB-MARINER JERKS DOWN-WARDS, AND BREAKS THE SHARK'S JAW!
CRACK!
WHEW!
THIS SHARK MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM SOME FISHERMEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. GUESS I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE KIDS!
AS NAMOR "RIDES" THE DEAD SHARK TO AMUSE THE NATIVE BOYS, HE NOTICES SOMETHING VERY STRANGE.
I'LL BE DARNED! THIS SHARK GOT AWAY AFTER HE WAS HARPOONED! SAY! LOOK AT THAT GASH!
GEE! THAT GUY SURE CAN SWIM!
CLOSE-UP OF SHARK'S BELLY
WHY SHOULD ANY FISHERMAN SLIT THE BODY OF A SHARK? NO ONE BUYS SHARKS CUT THAT WAY! H-M-M-M! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!
LEAVING THE DEAD SHARK WITH THE NATIVE KIDS, SUB-MARINER GOES IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE.
SO LONG, KIDS! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
HE KILLED THAT BIG SHARK WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
3

HIS MUSCULAR ARMS CUTTING THROUGH THE FRIGID WATERS WITH AMAZING SPEED, SUB-MARINER SEEKS THE NEAREST SHARK FISHERMEN.
PLENTY OF SHARK GROUNDS HERE! GUESS I'LL TAKE A LOOK ON THE SURFACE.
WOW! THERE'S A SHARK NOW!
SUDDENLY, NAMOR SEES A NAZI SUB-MARINE RISE TO THE SURFACE···
A SUB! H-MM! GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
AS NAMOR WATCHES, A CREW MANS A HARPOON-CANNON-
ACH! A NIZE BIG SHARK! READY— AIM—
WHAT! ARE THOSE NAZIS USING SUBMARINES TO CATCH SHARKS?
THE HARPOON SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS TARGET!
FIRE! GOOT!
THUD!
THE SUB QUICKLY DISAPPEARS, PULLING THE HARPOONED SHARK WITH IT!
WHAT TH'! I'M FOLLOWING THAT SHARK!
INSIDE THE SUB····
QVICK! REEL IN DOT SHARK!
JA! MEIN OFFIZIER!

FROM THE OUTSIDE, UNDERWATER, THE SUB-MARINER IS AMAZED TO SEE THE SHARK BEING PULLED TOWARD THE SUBMARINE!
DO THEY JUST ATTACH THE SHARK, OR—
A VALVE DOOR OPENS, AND THE SHARK IS SWIFTLY PULLED IN THROUGH A SUCTION TUBE.
SO THAT'S HOW THEY PULL IN THE SHARKS!
THOSE NAZIS WON'T EAT THE SHARK—WHAT DO THEY DO WITH IT?···· MUST TIE UP SOMEHOW WITH THE SLIT IN THE SHARK'S BELLY!
SUDDENLY····
I HEAR ENGINES OVERHEAD-MAYBE A FISHING-BOAT!! NOW—
JUST AS SUB-MARINER SWIMS TO THE SURFACE TO INVESTIGATE, A HORDE OF SHARKS CHARGES AT HIM!
SHARKS! A BUNCH OF THEM! WOW!
SUB-MARINER TURNS, READY TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE - WHEN HE NOTICES THE SHARKS ARE ACTING STRANGELY.
HOLY MACKERAL! THEY'RE DEAD- AND THEY'RE ALL COMING OUT OF THAT NAZI SUB!
THE DEAD SHARKS FLOAT ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, AS THE FISHING BOAT APPROACHES····
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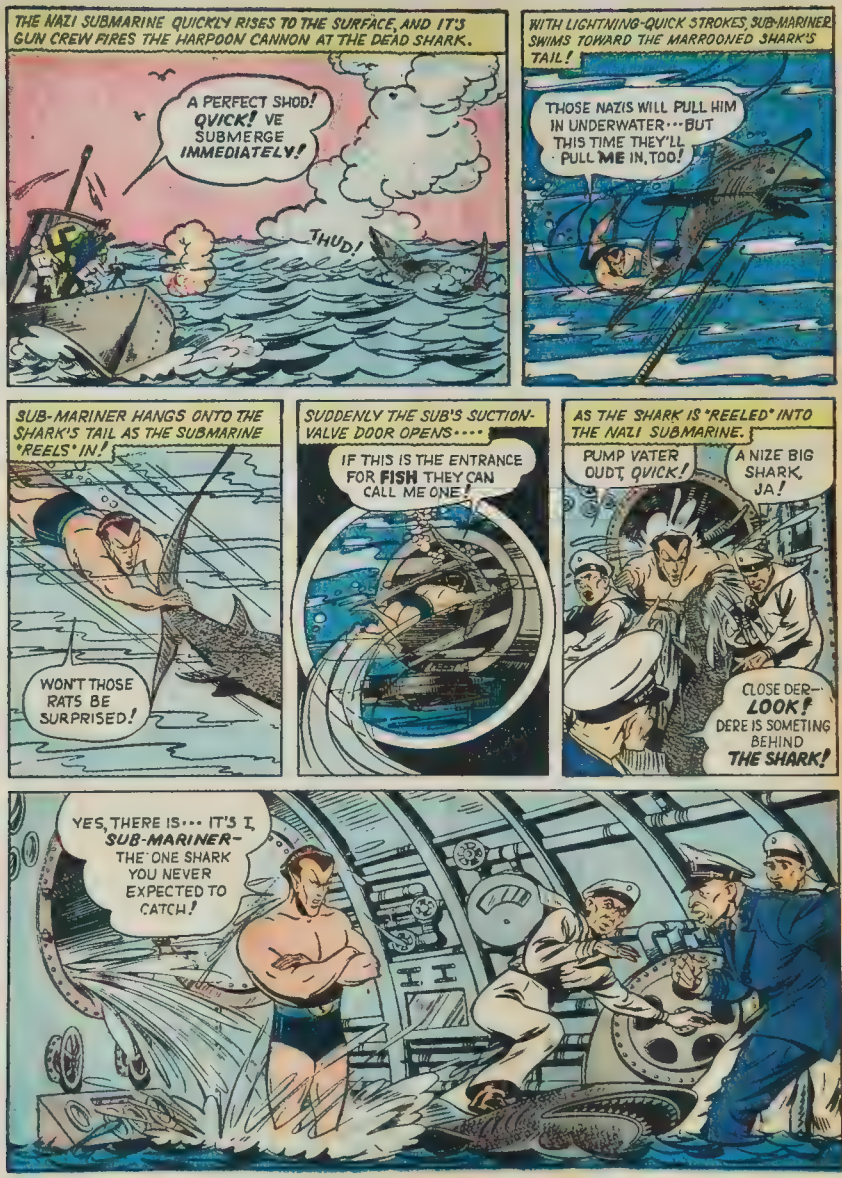
THE FISHING BOAT LOWERS A BOAT-LOAD OF MEN TO GATHER IN THE SHARKS.
AVAST THERE, YA LUBBERS! HAUL THEM IN-FAST!
AYE-AYE, GRIZZLY PETE!
YUP··· A MIGHTY NICE SHIPMENT OF SHARKS. DOZE NAZIS SURE GOT A NEW TWIST TER THA FISHING RACKET!
SO THEY FISH FOR DEAD SHARKS!!! M-M-M··· I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE SHARKS!
HEY!—LOOK, GRIZZLY PETE! 'AT SHARK JUS' SANK!
BLUP!
HA-HA! GUESS IT HAD TOO BIG A LOAD- HA-HA!
DRAGGING THE SHARK UNDERWATER····
HERE'S ANOTHER WITH A SLIT—BUT THIS ONE'S SEWN UP! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING INSIDE!
···· NAMOR RIPS OPEN THE BELLY OF THE SHARK!
GALLOPING GOLDFISH! WATEPROOF COVERINGS OVER T.N.T.! A SHEAF OF PAPERS IN CODE!
T.N.T.
HEY!!! THESE ARE IN-STRUCTIONS TO NAZI AGENTS ASHORE!
GRIZZLY PETE'S FISHING BOAT NEARS SHORE AS SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS.
NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHO GETS THESE DEAD SHARKS!
6

BUT ONE OF THE SAILORS SPOTS THE SUB-MARINER··· AND···
GIT READY TO THROW THE NET!
SUDDENLY····
HEY!
DAT'S DA WAY WE CATCH FISH WISE GUY!
TAKE THE NETS OFF AN' SLUG IM, MEN! WE CAN'T HAVE NOBODY GIVIN' US AWAY ON DIS JOB!
AS THE SAILORS RUSH AT SUB-MARINER, THEY ARE SEIZED IN ARMS THAT CLAMP DOWN LIKE STEEL VISES!
THESE NETS WON'T HOLD ME BACK, YOU SPY SCUM!
OOP!
OOW!
NAMOR EASILY RIDS HIMSELF OF THE NETS AND CHARGES AT GRIZZLY PETE.
SO YOU'RE THE YELLOW BELLY WHO HELPS THE NAZIS!
ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL KILL YOU!
NAMOR CASTS THE NET TO CATCH HIS OWN "FISH"—
THAT'LL HOLD YOUR FIRE!
ZIP
YOU'LL STOP FISHING FOR DEAD FISH WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!
YEOW!
CRACK!
UNSEEN BY SUB-MARINER, ONE OF THE SAILORS REACHES FOR A HEAVY BELAYING PIN!
THIS'LL STOP HIM!
7

THE BELAYING PIN CRASHES ON SUB-MARINER'S HEAD ····
OH!
···AND KNOCKS SUB-MARINER OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
GOOD WORK, MATEY! - WE DROP ANCHOR IN A COUPLA MINUTES.
HE'S DROWNED FER SURE, NOW!
HE DIDN'T EVEN COME UP, BOSS!
BUT—— SUB-MARINER'S NEW FRIENDS HAVE BEEN WATCHING FROM THE SHORE.
THEY KNOCKED HIM OVERBOARD!
C'MON! QUIT GABBIN'AN' SHOVE OFF!
WE GOTTA HELP HIM! QUICK!
FASTER, YOU GUYS! WE GOTTA SAVE HIM!
LOOK! HE'S COMING UP NOW!
A FEW MINUTES LATER····
HOLD TIGHT!
YOU OKAY, MISTER?
HE'LLO, KIDS— ER- THANKS! I'M ALL RIGHT.
BUT CERTAIN PHONY FISHERMEN WON'T BE! SO LONG, KIDS!
HEY! DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS? HE'S THE SUB-MARINER! WOW!

MEANWHILE··· THE FISHING BOAT DOCKS, AND A NAZI SPY, MASQUERADING AS A FISH BUYER, COMES ON BOARD.
JA, HERR GRIZZLY PETE! YOU HEV A GOOT LOAD UF SHARKS FOR ME TO BUY?
YOU BET, MISTER KLUTZ! NICE FULL BELLIES, TOO!
GOOT! DEN YOU VILL SELL DER SHARKS VOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH, JA!
BUT, SILENT AS NIGHT, SUB-MARINER HAS CREPT UP THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.
SO HE SELLS THE SHARKS TO A NAZI FISH PEDDLER! WELL, I'LL BREAK UP THEIR LITTLE SCHEME! THE DOGS!
SWIFTLY, HE PICKS UP THE NEAREST SHARK····
THIS ONE IS FILLED WITH PLENTY OF T.N.T. OR I MISS MY GUESS!
NOW I'LL GIVE THOSE LICE A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!··· I HOPE THESE ARE FULLY LOADED!
WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED AND POWER, SUB-MARINER HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE-FILLED SHARK DIRECTLY AT THE NAZI AND GRIZZLY PETE!
YOU AGAIN!
YOU CAN HAVE THIS SHARK FOR NOTHING, MR. NAZI!
VOT!
LOOK OUT- RUN!
AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
WHAM!

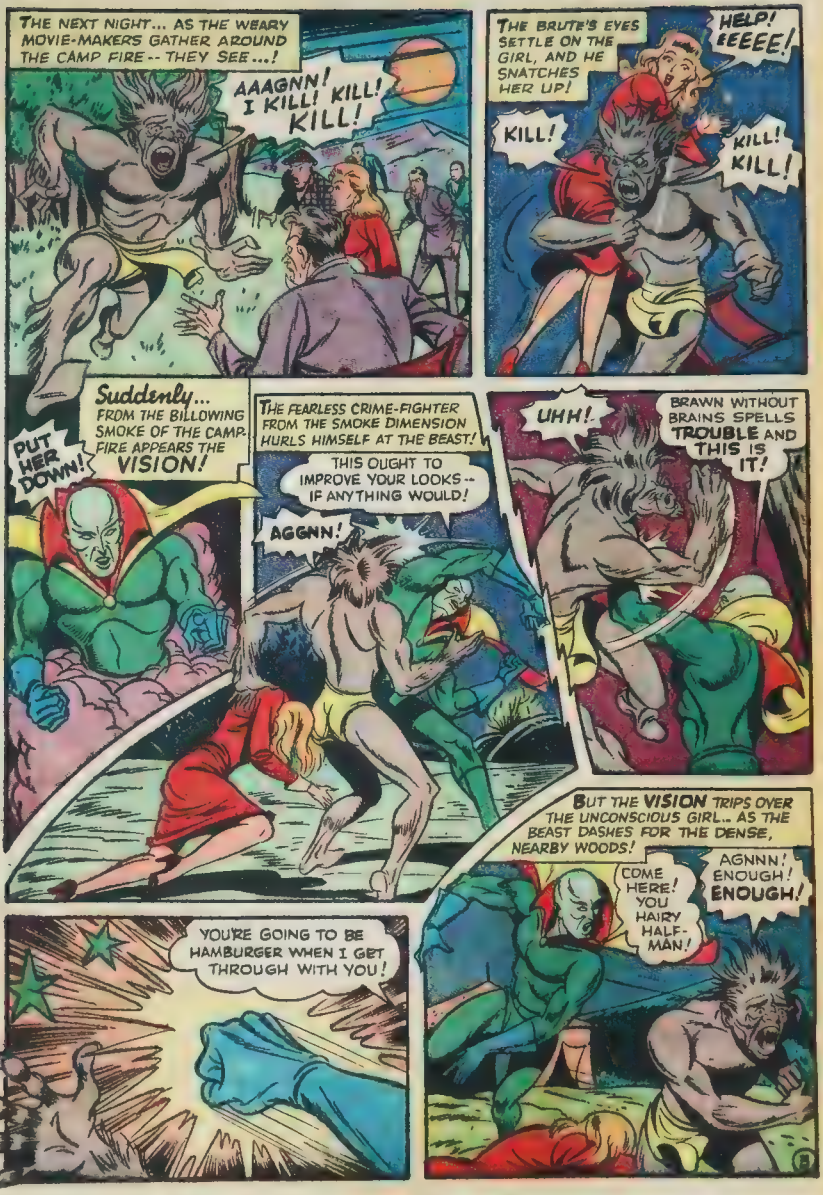
THE EXPLOSION IS HEARD BY A U.S. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT, AND - A SHORT TIME LATER - GUARDSMEN BOARD THE FISHING BOAT TO INVESTIGATE.
WHA-! THE SUB-MARINER!
YES, THEY'RE ALL DEAD, AND GOOD RIDDANCE, TOO! I KNEW THAT EXPLOSION WOULD BRING YOU HERE QUICKLY.
GEE! HE KILLED THE WHOLE GANG!
SUB-MARINER EXPOSES THE ENTIRE PLOT TO THE COAST GUARD OFFICER.
THE NAZI SUBMARINE NEAR HERE WOULD KILL THE SHARKS, FILL THEM WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND SECRET REPORTS FROM HITLER— THEN THIS FISHING BOAT WOULD PICK UP AND DELIVER THE SHARKS TO THE NAZI, WHO PRETENDED HE WAS A FISH DEALER.
SO THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS GOT INSTRUCTIONS TO THEIR SPIES HERE! — BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SUB-MARINER, AND WITH THAT EMPTY SHARK?
OH!- ER··· I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CERTAIN SUBMARINE! 'BYE!
JUMPIN' JELLY FISH! DIDN'T HE DO ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?
NOW TO GET THE NAZI SUBMARINE THAT GOES SHARK FISHING!
WITH THE DEAD SHARK SECURELY TUCKED UNDER ONE ARM, SUB-MARINER USES THE OTHER AND CLEAVES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER AT AN AMAZING SPEED!
THAT SUBMARINE WILL GET ITS FIRST CHANCE TO HARPOON A DEAD SHARK!
USING THE DEAD SHARK AS A DECOY, SUB-MARINER WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE NAZI SUBMARINE TO APPEAR AND DO ITS FISHING.
THIS IS THE SUB'S HANGOUT, ALL RIGHT··· OH-OH! THERE IT IS!


THE NAZI SUBMARINE QUICKLY RISES TO THE SURFACE, AND IT'S GUN CREW FIRES THE HARPOON CANNON AT THE DEAD SHARK.
A PERFECT SHOD! QVICK! VE SUBMERGE IMMEDIATELY!
THUD!
WITH LIGHTNING-QUICK STROKES, SUB-MARINER SWIMS TOWARD THE MARROONED SHARK'S TAIL!
THOSE NAZIS WILL PULL HIM IN UNDERWATER··· BUT THIS TIME THEY'LL PULL ME IN, TOO!
SUB-MARINER HANGS ONTO THE SHARK'S TAIL AS THE SUBMARINE "REELS" IN!
WON'T THOSE RATS BE SURPRISED!
SUDDENLY THE SUB'S SUCTION-VALVE DOOR OPENS····
IF THIS IS THE ENTRANCE FOR FISH THEY CAN CALL ME ONE!
AS THE SHARK IS "REELED" INTO THE NAZI SUBMARINE.
PUMP VATER OUDT, QVICK!
A NIZE BIG SHARK, JA!
CLOSE DER— LOOK! DERE IS SOMETING BEHIND THE SHARK!
YES, THERE IS··· IT'S I, SUB-MARINER— THE ONE SHARK YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO CATCH!

WITH SEETHING, WHITE-HOT FURY, SUB-MARINER CHARGES INTO THE NAZI "FISHERMEN," AND MERCILESSLY POUNDS THEM WITH HIS FLAILING IRON FISTS··· AS WATER FROM THE OPEN HATCH FILLS THE NAZI SUBMARINE.
SO YOU'D USE SHARKS TO CAUSE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO AMERICANS ON THEIR OWN SOIL WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU NAZI RATS YOU'LL DO NO MORE FISHING!!!
OW!
ACH!
DER VATER! VE'LL BE DROWNED!
SUB-MARINER DASHES OVER TO THE CONTROLS, AND PULLS A LEVER.
IF THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH WATER IN ALREADY, THIS'LL RAISE THE SUB TO THE SURFACE··· AND THEN THOSE SHARKS WILL COME IN HANDY!
AS THE WATER-FILLED SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE, SUB-MARINER EMERGES WITH ONE OF THE T-N-T FILLED SHARKS.
JUST ABOUT MADE IT! NOW TO PUT THE FINAL TOUCH ON THE NAZIS INSIDES!
A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE NAZI SUB, THE SUB-MARINER PUTS HIS PLAN TO WORK···
THOSE NAZIS FIXED UP THIS SHARK! NOW I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO THEM IN SPADES!
THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES IN THE SHARK'S BELLY DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS A DEADLY TORPEDO!
WHAM!
BULL'S EYE! AND THAT COMPLETES THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD SHARKS!
SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO THE NEAR-BY SHORE, WHERE HIS YOUNG ADMIRERS HAIL HIM AS A HERO··· HAVING HAD "RINGSIDE SEATS" ON THE HIGH ROCKS!
NOW I CAN FINISH GIVING THOSE KIDS THEIR SWIMMING LESSONS!
'RAY— HOORAY!
BOY! YOU SURE SWIM LIKE A SHARK! WHAT A GUY!
BOY! THAT'S GIVIN' IT TO 'EM!
HIYA, KIDS! SOME SWIMMER IS RIGHT!
Sub-Mariner SURE IS A SHARK ON LAND AND SEA!
SEE HIS LATEST ADVENTURE IN HIS OWN
Sub-Mariner MAGAZINE
60 PAGES OF TERRIFIC ACTION ALL NEW AND SPEEDY! 10¢

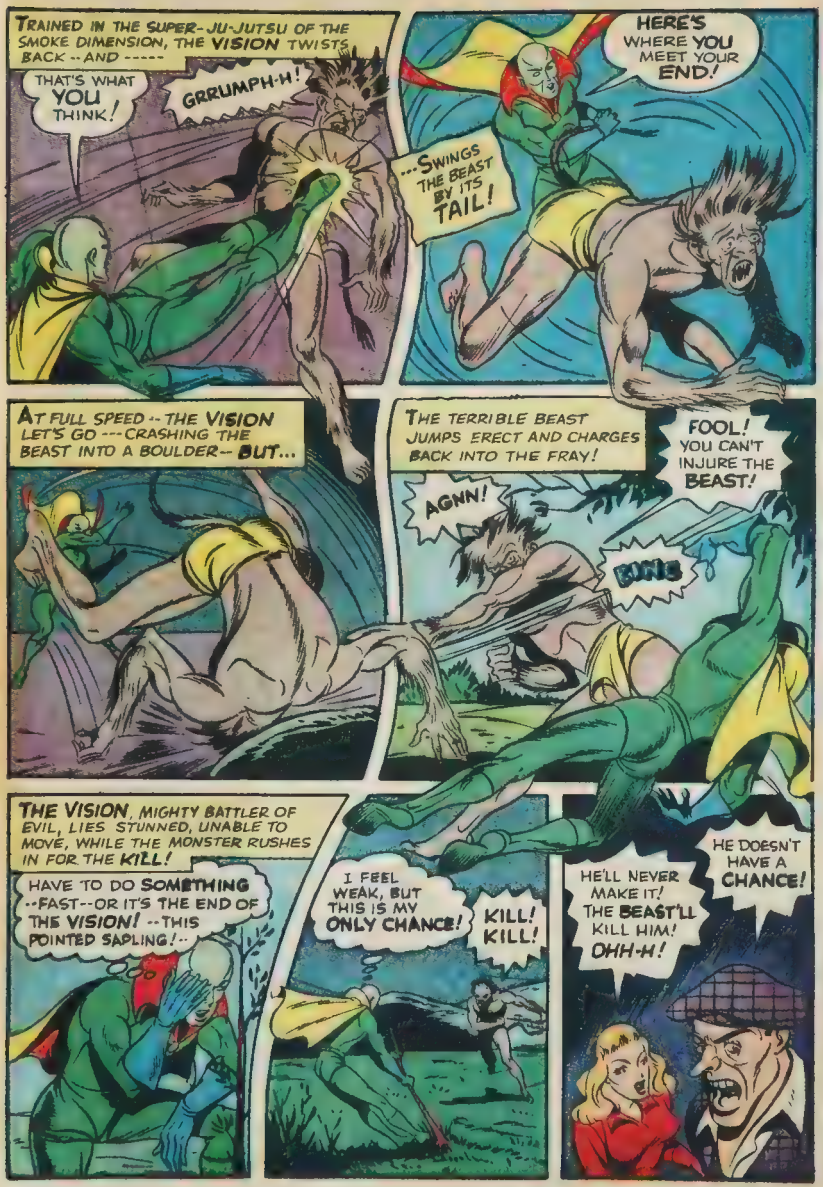
THE
VISION
IN A VALLEY FAR FROM CIVILIZATION, A SINISTER GIANT FIGURE CLUTCHES A BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE... AND CARRIES HER TO HIS MOUNTAIN CAVE! BUT OUT OF THE SWIRLING SMOKE FROM HIS FIRE COMES: THE VISION!
the BEAST of CACTUS CANYON

CUT! PRINT THAT, MYRON!
BUT THIS DREADFUL SCENE IS ONLY HOLLYWOOD MAKE-BELIEVE! MARVEL MOVIES IS FILMING THE EERIE SAGA OF THE LEGENDARY BEAST OF CACTUS CANYON.
US NATIVES TOLD YOU WHAT THE BEAST LOOKS LIKE... BUT WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MOCK HIM. YOU BETTER LEAVE BEFORE HE TAKES REVENGE!
SKIP IT, OLD TIMER!
THIS IS THE BEST PART I EVER HAD! -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?
GIVE UP A SMASH HIT BECAUSE OF SOME SUPERSTITION? NEVER! THERE'S NO BEAST! HA! HA!
SUDDENLY, A HUGE AND TERRIBLE VOICE RINGS FROM THE WEIRDLY SHADOWED HILL! ...
LEAVE MY CANYON! DO NOT DARE TO IMITATE ME--- OR THE DEATH OF ALL OF YOU WILL PROVE HOW REAL I AM!
THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT!
THERE IS A BEAST OF THE CANYON!
!
OH!
DON'T BE FOOLS! YOU'RE LETTING THE OLD MAN'S NONSENSE SCARE YOU! THE BEAST IS NOTHING BUT A LEGEND!
BUT LATER... THAT NIGHT... THE HIDEOUS MONSTER SHOWS HIMSELF... THEN!...
I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY WARNING! IF YOU STAY IN MY CANYON, YOU DIE! ... ALL OF YOU!
GOOD LORD!
EEE!
THE FRIGHTFUL BEAST VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING A SHAKEN TROUPE ...
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
I DON'T, EITHER! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THE PICTURE... IT'LL TAKE ONLY A WEEK OR SO---


THE NEXT NIGHT... AS THE WEARY MOVIE-MAKERS GATHER AROUND THE CAMP FIRE -- THEY SEE...!
AAAGNN! I KILL! KILL! KILL!
THE BRUTE'S EYES SETTLE ON THE GIRL, AND HE SNATCHES HER UP!
HELP! EEEEE!
KILL!
KILL! KILL!
Suddenly... FROM THE BILLOWING SMOKE OF THE CAMP FIRE APPEARS THE VISION!
PUT HER DOWN!
THE FEARLESS CRIME-FIGHTER FROM THE SMOKE DIMENSION HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BEAST!
THIS OUGHT TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS -- IF ANYTHING WOULD!
AGGNN!
UHH!
BRAWN WITHOUT BRAINS SPELLS TROUBLE AND THIS IS IT!
BUT THE VISION TRIPS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL... AS THE BEAST DASHES FOR THE DENSE, NEARBY WOODS!
COME HERE! YOU HAIRY HALF-MAN!
AGNNN! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE HAMBURGER WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

BEFORE THE PETRIFIED TROUPE CAN MOVE, THE HIDEOUS MONSTER VANISHES INTO THE DIM, OMINOUS FOREST! VISION HELPS THE GIRL!
NOT MUCH OF A BEAST! I EXPECTED HIM TO PUT UP A MUCH BIGGER FIGHT!
I CAN GET HIM LATER! YOU OKAY?
YES, THANKS!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING! THIS IS A TRICK --AND ONLY ONE PERSON COULD BE RESPONSIBLE!
YES! DON DARE! WHERE IS HE?
HE'S USING HIS BEAST COSTUME TO SCARE US! THE DIRTY..!
YES! WE'RE NOT SCARING SO EASILY! LET'S SEARCH HIS TENT! COME ON, MEN!
IN THE TENT OF THE MISSING ACTOR, THE TROUPE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
DON'S GONE! AND SO IS HIS BEAST COSTUME! HE'S THE ONE, ALL RIGHT!
HMM! WHY WOULD HE DO SUCH A THING? --MUST HAVE A REASON!
A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION MAKES THEM WHIRL---
DON!
I'M THE ONE WHO DID WHAT?
?
YOU--YOU PUT ON YOUR COSTUME AND GRABBED HELENE! YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE US AWAY! WHY?
BUT I DIDN'T! I WAS IN DICK'S TENT ALL EVENING!
THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN WE HEARD ALL THE NOISE, WE CAME OUT TO SEE WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS!
...YOU SEE?
Suddenly...
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP.
THE VISION'S KEEN EARS PICK UP THE SOUND OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE!
4

THE VISION RACES AT TOP SPEED TO INVESTIGATE -- AND FINDS -----
WHAT TH--! TWO BEASTS!
WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED!
AGNN!
BUT... BEFORE THE VISION CAN LAUNCH HIMSELF INTO THE DEADLY COMBAT... ONE OF THE "BEASTS" IS CRUSHED AGAINST A HUGE TREE ---
HE'S DEAD! -- IT'S MYRON!
OH!
SO! MYRON WAS USING THE BEAST COSTUME TO FRIGHTEN US!
YES! YES! WHO'S THE OTHER BEAST!
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
LIKE A COMET WITH FISTS, THE VISION STREAKS IN TO GIVE COMBAT!
YOU ARE RUNNING TO YOUR DEATH, MORTAL! I AM THE BEAST OF THE CANYON!
...AND I'M A BALL OF FIRE FROM THE SMOKE DIMENSION!
SO WHAT!
BUT THIS IS NO HUMAN OPPONENT THE VISION IS FACING! HE FINDS HIMSELF LOCKED IN A MURDEROUS BEARHUG!
YOUR DEATH WILL BE A WARNING TO THE OTHERS! NO ONE CAN INVADE MY CANYON AND LIVE!
5


TRAINED IN THE SUPER-JU-JUTSU OF THE SMOKE DIMENSION, THE VISION TWISTS BACK -- AND -----
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
GRRUMPH-H!
...SWINGS THE BEAST BY ITS TAIL!
HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR END!
AT FULL SPEED -- THE VISION LET'S GO --- CRASHING THE BEAST INTO A BOULDER -- BUT...
THE TERRIBLE BEAST JUMPS ERECT AND CHARGES BACK INTO THE FRAY!
FOOL! YOU CAN'T INJURE THE BEAST!
AGHH!
RUNG
THE VISION, MIGHTY BATTLER OF EVIL, LIES STUNNED, UNABLE TO MOVE, WHILE THE MONSTER RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL!
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING --FAST--OR IT'S THE END OF THE VISION! --THIS POINTED SAPLING!--
I FEEL WEAK, BUT THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!
KILL! KILL!
HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE BEAST'LL KILL HIM! OHH-H!
HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, THE VISION YANKS THE SAPLING FREE -- JUST IN TIME! AND THE BEAST IMPALES HIMSELF ON IT IN HIS MAD RUSH!
AGHNNN!
FOOL'S RUSH IN!
SO THE BEAST OF THE CANYON WAS REAL, AFTER ALL!
YES! BUT WHY WAS THE BEAST TRYING TO DRIVE YOU AWAY? I WANT TO FIND OUT!
THE VISION LEADS THEM TO THE SLAIN CAMERAMAN'S TENT, WHERE A THOROUGH SEARCH YIELDS AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY-----
HERE'S THE ANSWER! STREAKS ON THESE SEALED SENSITIVE FILMS SHOW A RADIUM DEPOSIT IN THE CANYON! MYRON WANTED TO SCARE YOU OFF SO HE COULD GRAB THE WEALTH FOR HIMSELF!
BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE REAL BEAST OR THE APPEARANCE OF THE VISION! I SEE!
YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE PART OF THE FORTUNE!
YES, YOU'VE EARNED IT!
QUITE!
YOU OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THIS IS GOVERNMENT LAND --AND THE RADIUM IS NOW GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! IF MYRON HAD CONSIDERED THAT, HE WOULD BE ALIVE RIGHT NOW!
A GALLANT WAVE, AND THE VISION VANISHES IN THE FIRE SMOKE TO AWAIT ANOTHER CRY FOR AID!
IT PAYS TO REMEMBER YOUR GOVERNMENT IN TIMES LIKE THESE!
I WONDER --- WAS HE JUST A VISION?
IF HE WAS, HE SURE PACKED A SOLID PUNCH! WHAT A MAN?
THE VISION RETURNS IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS
7

The Curse of TUT KEN AMEN

"HE WHO VIOLATES MY TOMB WILL DIE!" So read the ancient tablet set in the brown stone above the sand-swept doorway of the age-old crypt. Pete Venner regarded it soberly then turned to the little old man at his side. "Well, Prof., this is *it!* We spent a lot of time searching for the old boy's grave, but . . . *now* I don't *like* the idea of going *much further!*"

Professor Hamilton grinned a little. "Don't tell me that, young feller! You're as anxious as *I* am to break through! Get the natives and we'll start working. What lays before us is *history*, my boy, the history of Egypt long dead, and the written word of it is in the *hand* of the mummy of *Tut Ken Amen!* Let's *go!*"

Pete ran up the loose incline to the level of the desert. His eyes swept the camp site, but not a living creature moved among the tents that were idly flapping in the hot breeze. For a moment his breath caught in his throat. True, there was a curse on the persons who opened the tomb, but it was pure *nonsense*, any educated person knew *that!*

Ever since the directions on the time-worn papyrus led the party to this desolate spot they worked under a continual strain. The natives were a superstitious bunch, ready to flee at the slightest thing. And this was it. The day before, the brown-skinned men dug through the sand until the flat sands of the desert held a wound twenty feet deep, and it was *then* that the shovel of one of them hit the stone door that had held behind it centuries of mysteries!

Like ants they had poured out of the excavation! One look at that inscription was all they needed. He and Hamilton went down at once, and decided to wait for a new day before going any further . . . And now, the instant they were out of sight, the workers took to the hills in the distance.

Pete leaned over the hole and called to the professor. "We're out of luck, Professor, the boys are gone. From here on *we're on our own!*"

"I should have expected that, but it's too late now. Grab a pick ax and we'll do the honors ourselves." Pete gathered up the tool and slid down the slope. Professor Hamilton took the pick and together they tore into the stone. Hours passed; the sun rose high in the heavens. Great beads of perspiration stood out on their foreheads as they battered without stop at the last barrier to their long quest.

Then, a mighty stroke of Pete's ax tore through the stone and completely dislodged it! Quick as cats they leaped back from the tons of stone that rained down. "Wow," Pete said, "That was close! The curse almost came *true!*"

"And that wasn't accidental, either." Hamilton added. "That sealed doorway was constructed to come down on the person who tried to dig his way in! It's not a *curse* we have to be afraid of, but the *tricks* a smart king dreamed up to kill anyone who dared to go after his secrets! From now on we'll be on our toes!"

AHEAD OF THEM the black hole of the tomb loomed ominously, a dank foreboding place of death. The pair could smell the foul air that was seeping out of the cavity, and before entering, strapped on odd-looking masks, To breathe this air might mean death, and the end was too near to take chances. With flashlights in hand, Pete nodded to the professor, and together they stepped over the debris and into the inky blackness of the tomb.

At once they were in another world. Outside was desert and a blistering sun . . . here they walked amid the trappings of ancient kings, deep in the cool bowels of the earth! Their lamps threw light over things that had been in darkness for thousands of years. Eagerly, they explored the odd furnishings, then . . . Pete stopped dead in his tracks. There on the floor before him was a grotesque heap of human bones!

His light shook. Hamilton ran over to see what the matter was, and nodded at the grim sight. "Slaves," he muttered softly. "Killed to prevent them from divulging the burial ground." Pete shuddered. The professor tapped him on the arm. "I found a doorway, follow me." They walked between the mouldy wooden chairs to a small opening in the wall. It had been hidden behind a portrait, but the professor had uncovered it.

By MICKEY SPILLANE

Not a sound marred the deathly silence. They walked into another room of huge proportions. At one end was a throne, empty, and they walked toward it. In front was a table, set as if for a feast, but those that sat about the table were the crumpled shells of what once were men. Pete gasped. "More of them!" The professor went over to inspect them, poking at them with his flashlight.

"They were part of the funeral procession. The last *noble* act of their king was to give them poisoned food. In all probability there was but one man who left here alive . . . the *king's advisor!*" For a few moments they stared at the ghastly scene, then the professor spoke. "I can't make this out."

"What do you mean?"

"This room seems to be the *last* one. Some place around here is a hidden door, but I can't see it Let's give it a try, anyway. You take the other side and I'll take this. Tap those walls carefully!" In the bright light of the flashes, Pete and the Professor circled the room, tapping every inch of the wall. They knew that the mummy was here somewhere, the job was *finding* it! But, their search was to no avail.

After an hour had passed each came to the blind end in front of the throne. Then it happened! With a squeak of dried wood and the rumbling of ancient mechanism the floor gave way beneath them, plunging them into Stygian darkness! They landed in a heap on the stone floor, many feet below the level above, their breaths wooshed out of them. Pete scrambled to his feet quickly, snapped on his light, and helped the professor up.

"Well, Pete, we're done for! This was the trap I meant to look out for. I should have known better than to stand in front of the throne. By the time we get out of this, if we *do* get out . . . the sand will have filled in the entrance. We've been trapped very nicely . . . and by a *dead man!*"

"THE HECK WE ARE!" Pete growled fiercely. "There's no dead man *living* that can get the better of me! Come on, let's look around!"

The place was stone-walled. Not even a beetle moved about on the cold floor. The sides were vertical, smooth as glass. There was no chance of climbing those walls. Unlike the rooms above, this one was bare of furnishings. Apparently it was but a pit to trap the unwary! But then . . . Pete's sharp eyes noticed a strange thing. There in the floor were two identical marks, as if made by a ladder that had borne a great weight.

He motioned to Hamilton. "Look here, Professor, do you make the same thing out of this that I do?" The professor gasped.

"Ye gods, ladder marks! The mummy room must be off this!" Immediately they got to work, and in a moment, by sheer chance, they hit it! A slight indentation marked the secret doorway. Running his fingers over the stone, the Professor touched a concealed spring and a door swung wide. There before their widened eyes, resting on a stone slab, was a sarcophagus of the dead king. This they were sure of, for it was inlaid with precious stones in a royal purple setting!

Only for a moment were they still, then with a little cry they jumped forward to inspect their treasure. The lid raised under their eager fingers and for the first time in many centuries, human eyes looked upon *Tut Ken Amen!* His body was wound tightly with what were once white strips of cloth, and in the stiffened hands was a sheaf of papers. The written history of *ancient Egypt!*

Suddenly the two grew rigid . . . although their find was one of the world's greatest . . . it was useless, for they were as good as dead!

Dead, did we say? Not so, for already Pete's agile mind was planning a way out. For a moment he talked earnestly to Professor Hamilton, then they got busy. Lifting the shriveled body from its resting place, they laid it gently on the floor. Then, getting a good hold, they dragged the mummy case from the slab, letting it thump, to the ground.

It was a hard task, and time passed swiftly, but with their lives at stake, neither paid any attention to its passage. At any moment the chemicals in their masks might give out, allowing the poisonous air to filter into their lungs. Through the open doorway they dragged the huge case, and set it up against the wall. Then the cover was hauled into position. Standing on top of the bottom of the case, Pete lifted the lid so that it stood on top. The way was clear, but the the slightest misstep would spoil every bit of their efforts, for it was balanced precariously.

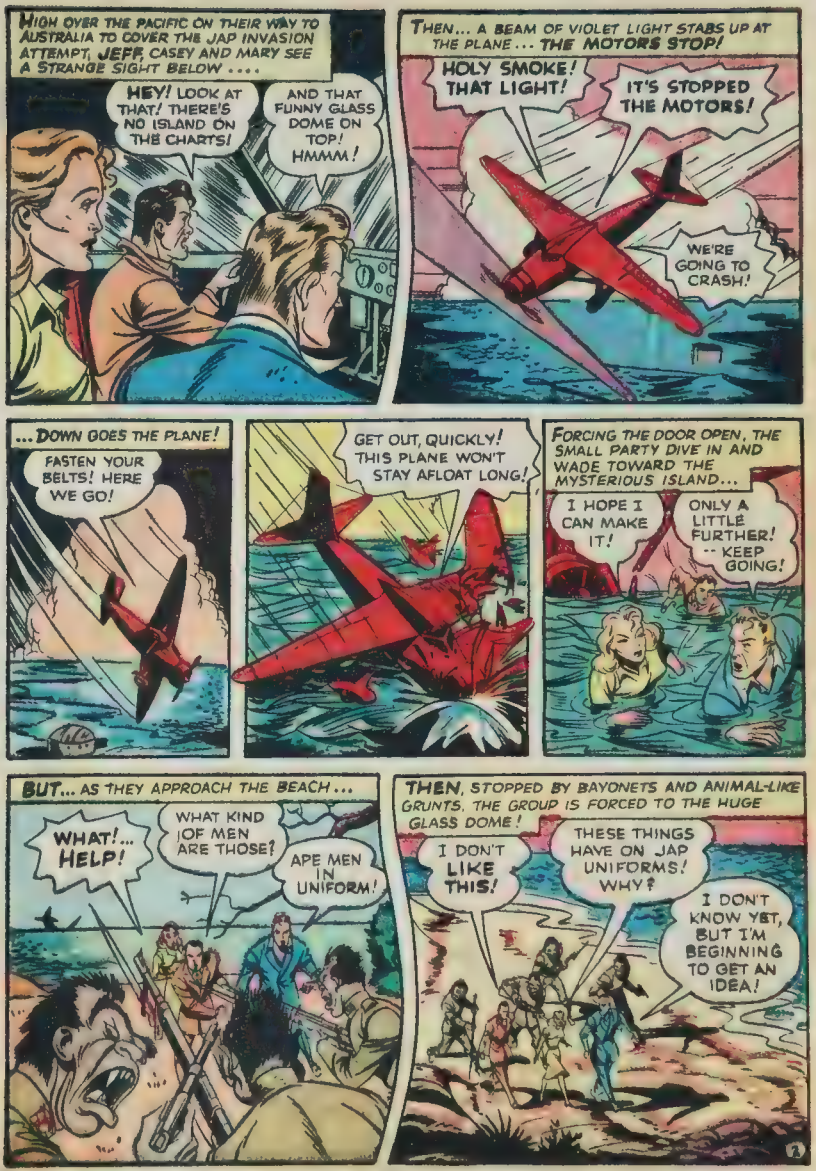
Pete helped the professor up, bracing their crude ladder. Using the designs on the casket as hand-holds, Hamilton reached the top. Then, stretching himself to the utmost, he grasped the floor edge above and pulled himself to safety. Pete followed at once, climbing very carefully. When he was within reach, the Professor grabbed his arms and yanked. They had defeated the curse!

Quickly they made their way to the opening, and stood breathing the fresh air and enjoying the sunlight without speaking for a full five minutes. The sun was low over the horizon, and coming up. They had been in the tomb a whole night! Pete turned and grinned at Hamilton. "Kind of thought we wouldn't make it there for a while. What *now?*"

"Let's go get something to eat. I'm starved," the professor said. "We'll come back later and get the old boy out. I don't think he'll run away in the *meantime!*"

THE END

the PATRIOT
EXPOSED! ...THE JAP INVADERS!
WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE CREATURES WHICH STRIKE TERROR INTO THE MINDS OF THE ALLIES?
THE PATRIOT HAS FOUND THE ANSWER!
... READ ON!


HIGH OVER THE PACIFIC ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA TO COVER THE JAP INVASION ATTEMPT, JEFF, CASEY AND MARY SEE A STRANGE SIGHT BELOW ....
HEY! LOOK AT THAT! THERE'S NO ISLAND ON THE CHARTS!
AND THAT FUNNY GLASS DOME ON TOP! HMMM!
THEN... A BEAM OF VIOLET LIGHT STABS UP AT THE PLANE... THE MOTORS STOP!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT LIGHT!
IT'S STOPPED THE MOTORS!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
...DOWN GOES THE PLANE!
FASTEN YOUR BELTS! HERE WE GO!
GET OUT, QUICKLY! THIS PLANE WON'T STAY AFLOAT LONG!
FORCING THE DOOR OPEN, THE SMALL PARTY DIVE IN AND WADE TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND...
I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!
ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER! -- KEEP GOING!
BUT... AS THEY APPROACH THE BEACH...
WHAT!... HELP!
WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE THOSE?
APE MEN IN UNIFORM!
THEN, STOPPED BY BAYONETS AND ANIMAL-LIKE GRUNTS, THE GROUP IS FORCED TO THE HUGE GLASS DOME!
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
THESE THINGS HAVE ON JAP UNIFORMS! WHY?
I DON'T KNOW YET, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA!

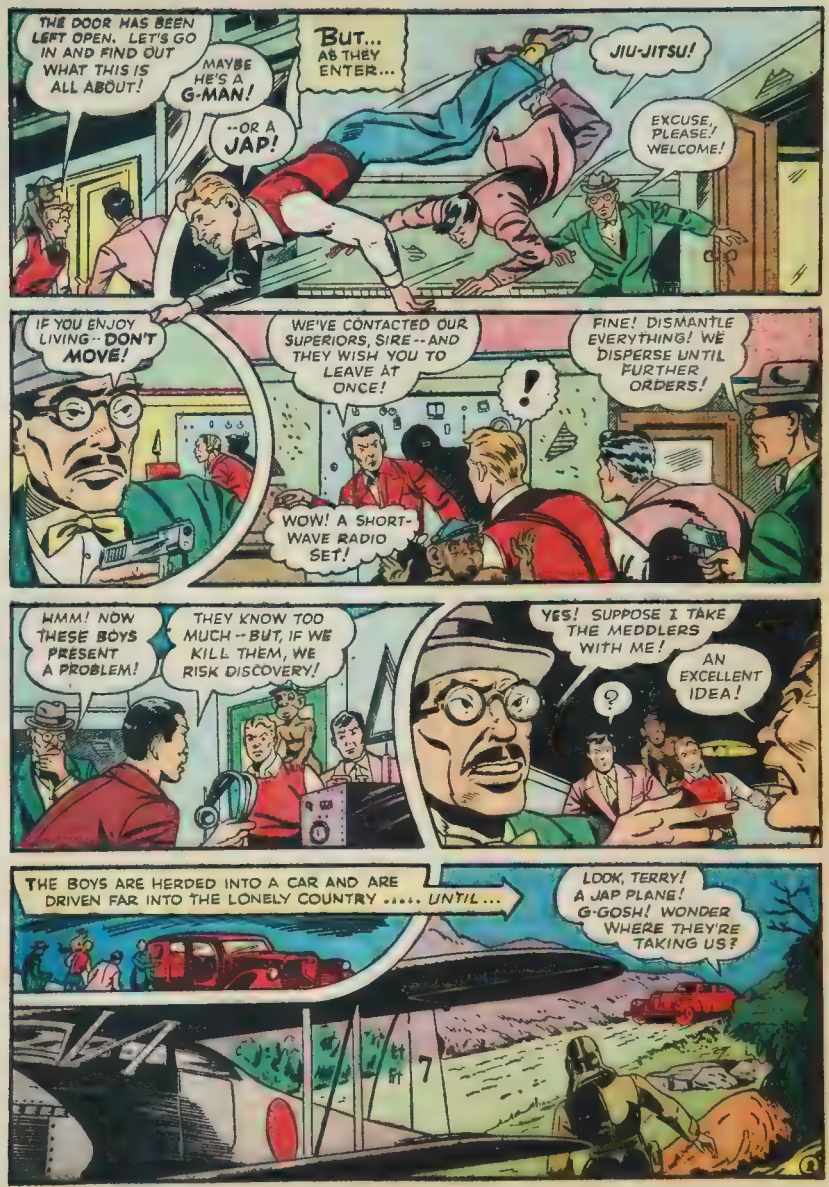
MORE OF THE STRANGE MEN OPEN THE HUGE GATE....
SAY!... WHAT GIVES HERE!
UUG! GROWF!
INSIDE... A MAZE OF EQUIPMENT MEETS THEIR EYES, AND AMID IT...
A JAP!
I THOUGHT AS MUCH!
QUICKLY, THE SHAGGY MEN BIND THEM AND THEY ARE STRAPPED TO OPERATING TABLES!!
SO! -- IT PLEASES ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL DIE LIKE ALL WHITES! BUT FIRST YOU WILL WITNESS HOW I SHALL ACCOMPLISH IT!
TAKING A LIZARD FROM A CAGE, THE JAR PLACES HIM ON A TABLE UNDER A QUEER LAMP!
WATCH CLOSELY... YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE MAKING OF A MAN!...
.....THEN MANIPULATES THE DIALS OF THE APPARATUS! CRACKLING SPARKS DART ABOUT...
..... AND A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE! THE LIZARD GROWS BIGGER, AND CHANGES SHAPE...
UNTIL IT BECOMES ONE OF THE APE MEN!
YOU SEE, EH? WITH MEN SUCH AS THESE, THE RISING SUN WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD! NOW, WATCH FURTHER!

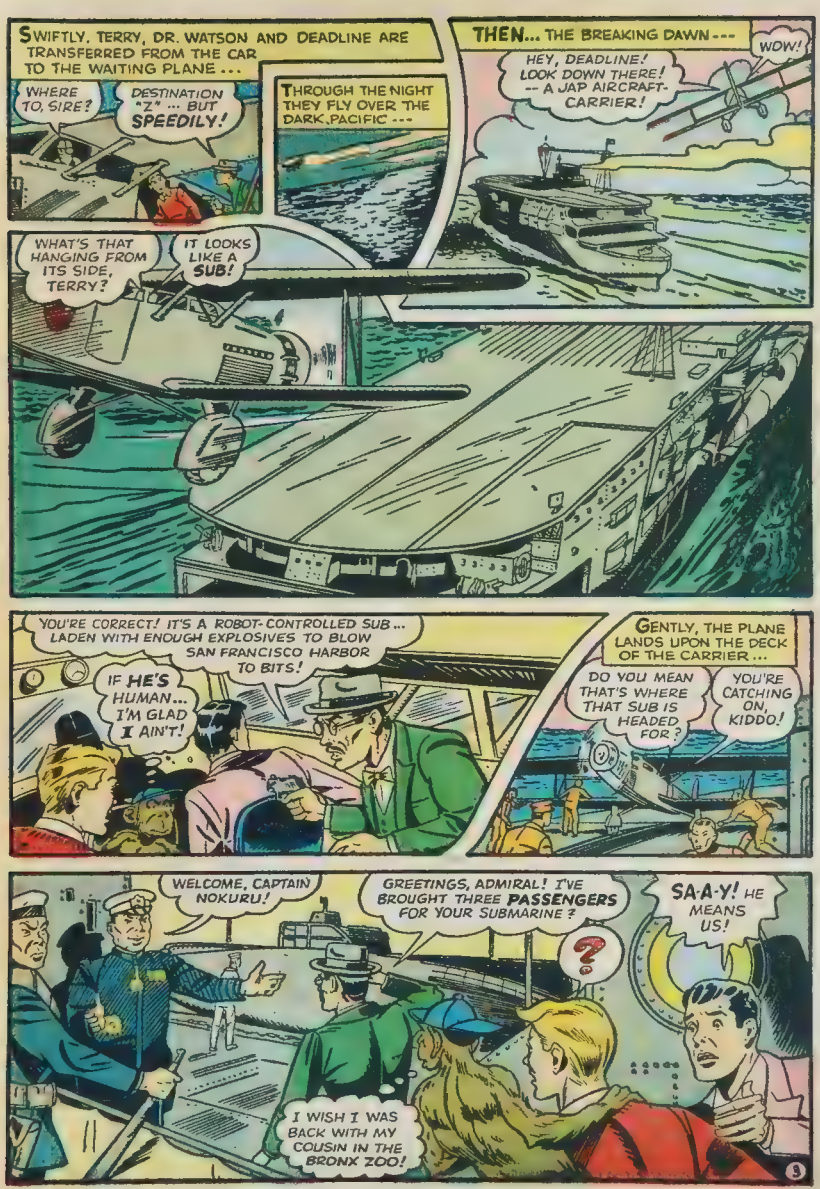
BUT THE JAP GOES FURTHER AND AT THE BASE OF THE CREATURE'S SKULL INSERTS A SMALL METAL PLATE...
WITH THIS I CONTROL THE MOVEMENTS OF MY PETS BY RADIO. NICE, EH?
PICKING UP A SMALL "MIKE," THE JAP SPEAKS, AND THE APE MAN RUSHES TO CASEY. THEN....
WHAM! OOOHHH!
THE JAP THROWS THE MAIN SWITCH AND GIVES A STARTLING ORDER!...
BEGIN THE INVASION OF AUSTRALIA!
SEVERAL HOURS ELAPSE --- THEN .....
NOW, DOGS, YOUR TIME IS UP! MY MEN ARE LANDING IN AUSTRALIA BY THE THOUSANDS! BUT FIRST I WISH TO SHOW YOU MY EXPERIMENT IN REVERSE!
QUICKLY, THE JAP GRABS CASEY!
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE AN AUDIENCE OF BUT ONE!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS!
NOW I'LL MAKE A LIZARD FROM THE MAN! INTERESTING, NO?
DON'T! NOT TO CASEY! TAKE ME!
THE SWITCH IS THROWN, AND...
SLOWLY THE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE... JEFF STRUGGLES FUTILELY...
STOP IT! I'LL BREAK YOUR DIRTY NECK!
NOT YET, MY FRIEND!
4

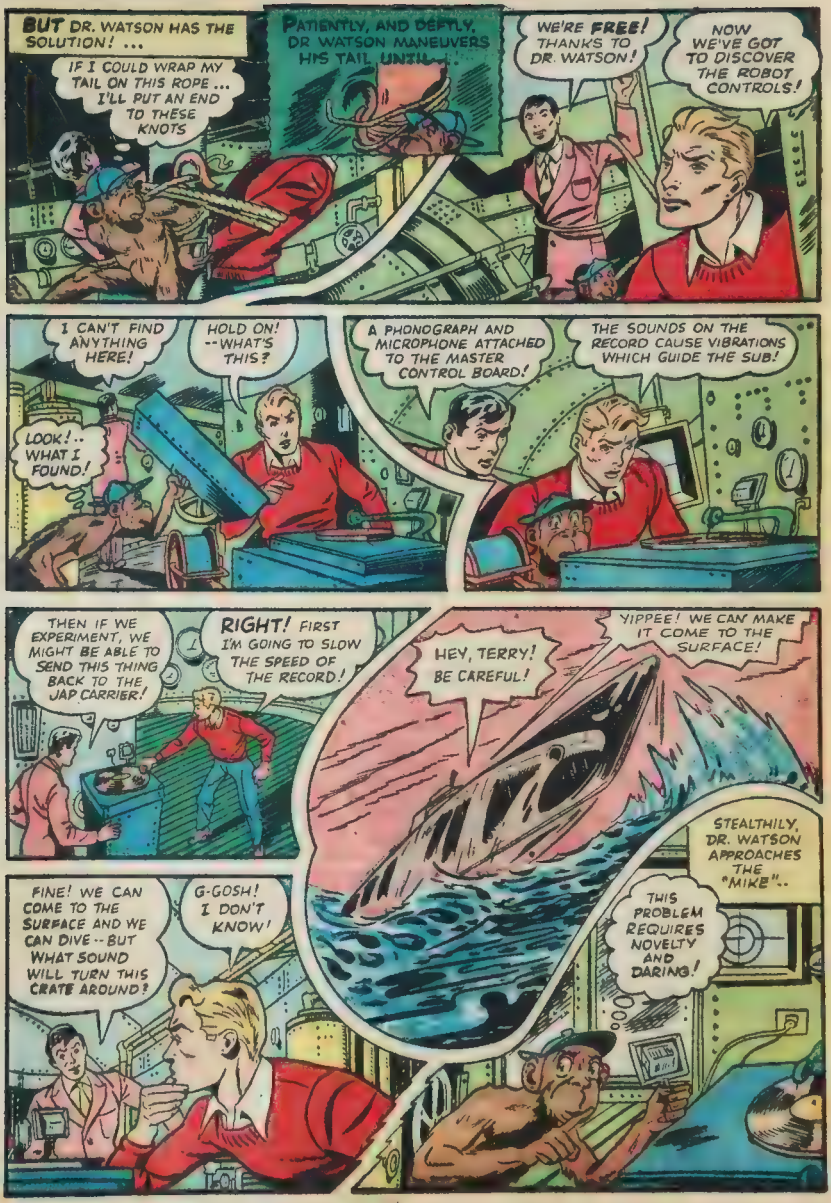
... AND HIS BONDS SNAP UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN!
THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW, MR. JAP!
JEFF HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MAD SCIENTIST...
YOU FILTHY MONGREL!
WHAT!
YOU'LL GET MORE OF THIS LATER!
QUICKLY, JEFF CHANGES INTO HIS PATRIOT UNIFORM...
I'VE GOT TO BRING CASEY BACK, SOMEHOW, AND GET IN TOUCH WITH THE ARMY IN AUSTRALIA!
IMMEDIATELY, JEFF GOES TO WORK WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT...
NOW TO BRING CASEY BACK TO WHERE HE BELONGS!
IN THE WEIRD GLOW, CASEY GRADUALLY RETURNS TO NORMAL.
THANK GOODNESS! NOW TO GET SOME INFORMATION OUT OF THE JAP! IF HE DOESN'T TALK--
OH-H!
REMOVING CASEY'S INERT FORM, JEFF GRABS THE SQUIRMING JAP AND PLACES HIM ON THE SLAB...
PAL, YOU'RE GOING FOR A LONG RIDE UNLESS YOU CALL OFF THOSE MEN OF YOURS!
NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
BUT, AS CASEY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HIS ARM HITS THE SWITCH AND -----
YE GODS! THERE HE GOES! NOW I'LL NEVER STOP THAT INVASION --- UNLESS --YES, I'LL DO THAT!

LUCK IS WITH THE PATRIOT! AUSTRALIA REPLIES!
HELLO! THIS IS THE PATRIOT --WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TERRIBLE THINGS! APE MEN HAVE LANDED AND ARE WIPING OUT OUR TROOPS!
THEN JEFF TURNS THE CONTROL DIALS TO ABSOLUTE POWER. RADIO ENERGY SURGES ACROSS THE SKY -- WHAT WILL HAPPEN? --LOOK!
GOOD! PICK UP OUR POSITION AND SEND A PLANE FOR US!
BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? THE APE MEN ARE TURNING INTO -- LIZARDS!
THE ENORMOUS OUTPUT SENDS THE INVADERS BACK --AND SUDDENLY THEIR TINY HEADS BLOW OFF!
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
ELATED AT THE OUTCOME, JEFF CHANGES HIS CLOTHES, JUST AS CASEY AND MARY COME TO...
HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER HURRY! THAT ARMY PLANE WILL BE HERE SOON!
WHAT HAPPENED?
SAY --WHAT WENT ON HERE, ANYWAY?
NOT MUCH, MARY! I'LL TELL YOU LATER. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT... AS THE TRIO PASS THE TABLE, A TINY LIZARD SQUIRMS TO THE FLOOR --- THE CREATURE THAT WAS A JAP!
EEK! THAT SLIMY THING!
SLIMY IS RIGHT! BUT HE'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
AGAIN?
JEFF MACE, NEWSPAPERMAN No. 1, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, No. 1 AMERICAN -
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS!

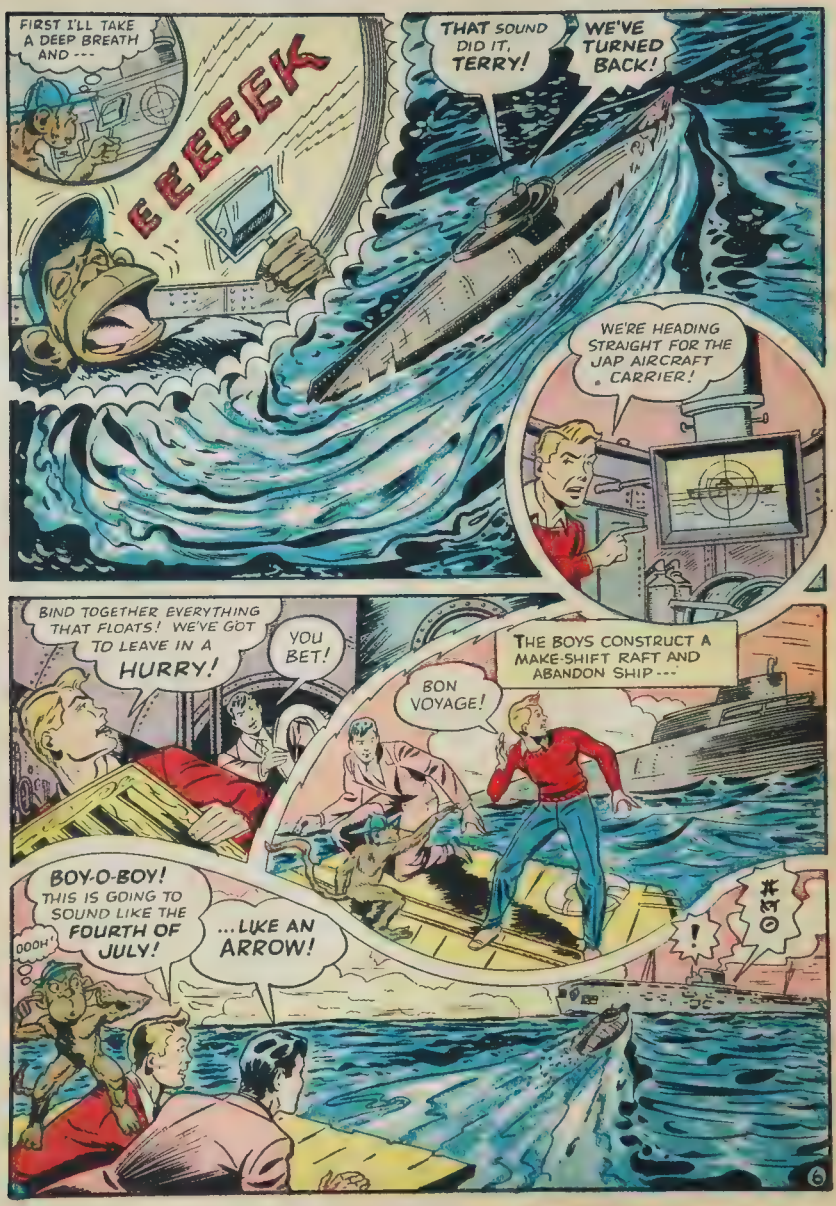
Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
DR. WATSON MAKES MONKEYS OUT OF THE JAPS!
QUICK, TERRY! RADIO THE POSITION OF THIS JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER TO THE U.S. FLEET!
YOU BET, DEADLINE!
TERRY AND HIS PALS ENTER UPON THEIR GREATEST ADVENTURE WHEN THEY TRY TO STOP THE JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FROM LAUNCHING HER BROOD OF BOMBERS!
OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE JAPANESE SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO...
LOOK! NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN THIS BUILDING!
OH, YEAH? THEN WHAT IS HE DOING INSIDE?
?
NOTICE
THIS PROPERTY IS UNDER U.S. PROTECTION
NO TRESPASSING

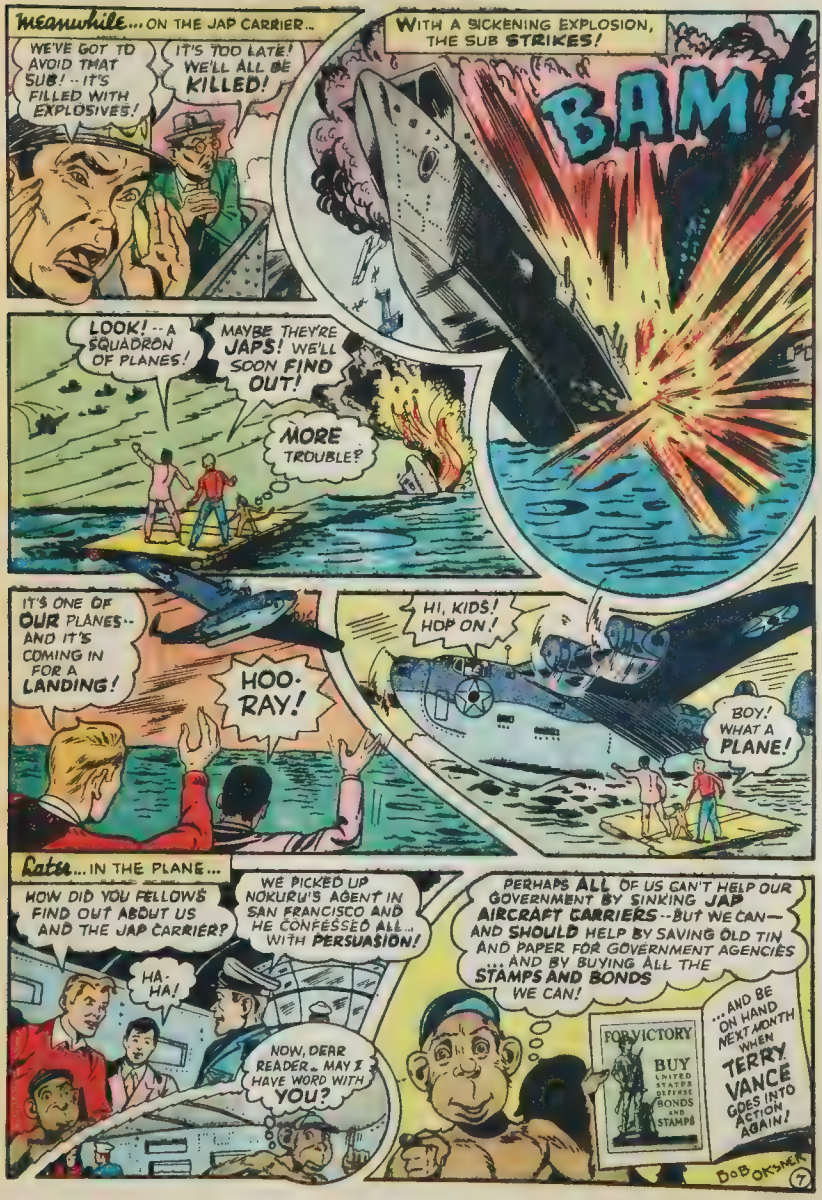

THE DOOR HAS BEEN LEFT OPEN. LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
MAYBE HE'S A G-MAN!
--OR A JAP!
BUT... AS THEY ENTER...
JIU-JITSU!
EXCUSE, PLEASE! WELCOME!
IF YOU ENJOY LIVING-- DON'T MOVE!
WE'VE CONTACTED OUR SUPERIORS, SIRE--AND THEY WISH YOU TO LEAVE AT ONCE!
!
FINE! DISMANTLE EVERYTHING! WE DISPERSE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!
WOW! A SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET!
HMM! NOW THESE BOYS PRESENT A PROBLEM!
THEY KNOW TOO MUCH--BUT, IF WE KILL THEM, WE RISK DISCOVERY!
YES! SUPPOSE I TAKE THE MEDDLERS WITH ME!
?
AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
THE BOYS ARE HERDED INTO A CAR AND ARE DRIVEN FAR INTO THE LONELY COUNTRY ..... UNTIL ...
LOOK, TERRY! A JAP PLANE! G-GOSH! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?
7


SWIFTLY, TERRY, DR. WATSON AND DEADLINE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM THE CAR TO THE WAITING PLANE ...
WHERE TO, SIRE?
DESTINATION "Z" ... BUT SPEEDILY!
THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY FLY OVER THE DARK PACIFIC ...
THEN... THE BREAKING DAWN ---
WOW!
HEY, DEADLINE! LOOK DOWN THERE! -- A JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER!
WHAT'S THAT HANGING FROM ITS SIDE, TERRY?
IT LOOKS LIKE A SUB!
YOU'RE CORRECT! IT'S A ROBOT-CONTROLLED SUB ... LADEN WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR TO BITS!
IF HE'S HUMAN... I'M GLAD I AIN'T!
GENTLY, THE PLANE LANDS UPON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER ...
DO YOU MEAN THAT'S WHERE THAT SUB IS HEADED FOR?
YOU'RE CATCHING ON, KIDDO!
WELCOME, CAPTAIN NOKURU!
GREETINGS, ADMIRAL! I'VE BROUGHT THREE PASSENGERS FOR YOUR SUBMARINE?
?
SA-A-Y! HE MEANS US!
I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY COUSIN IN THE BRONX ZOO!
3


BUT DR. WATSON HAS THE SOLUTION! ...
IF I COULD WRAP MY TAIL ON THIS ROPE ... I'LL PUT AN END TO THESE KNOTS
PATIENTLY, AND DEFTLY, DR WATSON MANEUVERS HIS TAIL UNTIL...
WE'RE FREE! THANKS TO DR. WATSON!
NOW WE'VE GOT TO DISCOVER THE ROBOT CONTROLS!
I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING HERE!
HOLD ON! --WHAT'S THIS?
LOOK! -- WHAT I FOUND!
A PHONOGRAPH AND MICROPHONE ATTACHED TO THE MASTER CONTROL BOARD!
THE SOUNDS ON THE RECORD CAUSE VIBRATIONS WHICH GUIDE THE SUB!
THEN IF WE EXPERIMENT, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SEND THIS THING BACK TO THE JAP CARRIER!
RIGHT! FIRST I'M GOING TO SLOW THE SPEED OF THE RECORD!
HEY, TERRY! BE CAREFUL!
YIPPEE! WE CAN MAKE IT COME TO THE SURFACE!
STEALTHILY, DR. WATSON APPROACHES THE "MIKE"..
THIS PROBLEM REQUIRES NOVELTY AND DARING!
FINE! WE CAN COME TO THE SURFACE AND WE CAN DIVE -- BUT WHAT SOUND WILL TURN THIS CRATE AROUND?
G-GOSH! I DON'T KNOW!

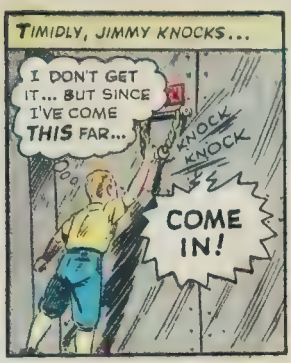
PLACE THE FOOL AMERICANS IN THE SUBMARINE!
YOU'RE CRAZY! ALL OF YOU!
CRAZY, EH? OUR TORPEDO SUBMARINE IS ONLY A STUNT TO DISTRACT ATTENTION FROM THE REAL EVENT! WHILE THE SUB AND YOU EXPLODE IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, OUR BOMBERS WILL BE RELEASED TO ATTACK SAN DIEGO!
THE BOYS ARE TIED SECURELY IN THE SUBMARINE AND THE HATCH IS CLOSED!
THAT'S ENOUGH, NOKURU! TAKE THEM AWAY!
QUIT, SHOVING!
PUNKS!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN A SUB!
ME, TOO! BUT NOT THIS WAY!
WHILE... ON THE CARRIER ...
LOWER AWAY!
SPLASH
WITH A SPLASH, THE TORPEDO-SUB HITS THE WATER! ...
HERE WE GO, TERRY!
HOLD ON, DEADLINE!
... AND THE SUB SLOWLY SLIDES BENEATH THE SURFACE, SET ON ITS DEADLY MISSION BY AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE ...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THOSE JAPS!
SURE, MASTER MIND! BUT FIRST WE HAVE THE LITTLE MATTER OF UNTYING THESE BONDS!
OH-OH! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!


FIRST I'LL TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND ---
EEEEEK
THAT SOUND DID IT, TERRY!
WE'VE TURNED BACK!
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
BIND TOGETHER EVERYTHING THAT FLOATS! WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE IN A HURRY!
YOU BET!
THE BOYS CONSTRUCT A MAKE-SHIFT RAFT AND ABANDON SHIP ---
BON VOYAGE!
BOY-O-BOY! THIS IS GOING TO SOUND LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
OOOH!
...LIKE AN ARROW!
#@¢!
6


Meanwhile... ON THE JAP CARRIER...
WE'VE GOT TO AVOID THAT SUB! -- IT'S FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES!
IT'S TOO LATE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
WITH A SICKENING EXPLOSION, THE SUB STRIKES!
BAM!
LOOK! -- A SQUADRON OF PLANES!
MAYBE THEY'RE JAPS! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
MORE TROUBLE?
IT'S ONE OF OUR PLANES -- AND IT'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING!
HOO-RAY!
HI, KIDS! HOP ON!
BOY! WHAT A PLANE!
Later... IN THE PLANE...
HOW DID YOU FELLOWS FIND OUT ABOUT US AND THE JAP CARRIER?
WE PICKED UP NOKURU'S AGENT IN SAN FRANCISCO AND HE CONFESSED ALL... WITH PERSUASION!
HA-HA!
NOW, DEAR READER... MAY I HAVE WORD WITH YOU?
PERHAPS ALL OF US CAN'T HELP OUR GOVERNMENT BY SINKING JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIERS -- BUT WE CAN -- AND SHOULD HELP BY SAVING OLD TIN AND PAPER FOR GOVERNMENT AGENCIES ... AND BY BUYING ALL THE STAMPS AND BONDS WE CAN!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
...AND BE ON HAND NEXT MONTH WHEN TERRY VANCE GOES INTO ACTION AGAIN!
BOB OKSNER
7

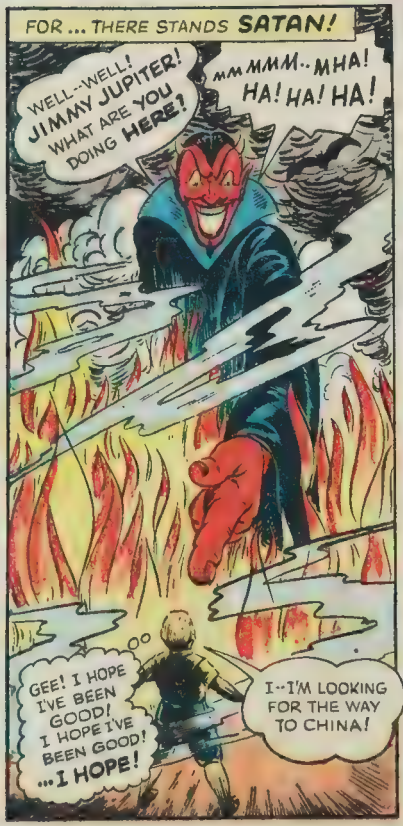
JIMMY JUPITER
In His
TUNNEL TO CHINA
JIMMEEE-EE-E! JIMMY JUPITER! COME TO LUNCH!
OH, DEAR! WHERE IS HE OFF TO, NOW?
JIMMY'S MOTHER IS CALLING HIM TO LUNCH... BUT JIMMY IS IN WONDERLAND, WHERE HE FELL WHEN THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF THE HOLE HE WAS DIGGING TO CHINA!
OMIGOSH! I...SUPPOSE I HAVEN'T BEEN A GOOD BOY???
GEE WHIZ! I WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET TO CHINA!
GOSH! WHAT DOES THAT SIGN SAY?

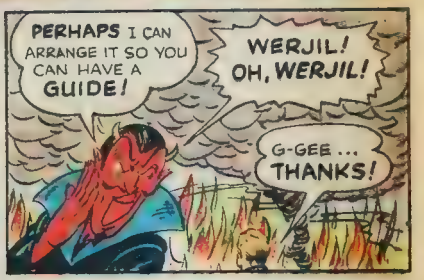
JIMMY APPROACHES THE SIGN...
GOIN' MY WAY, BUDDY?
O'BOY! I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD!
TO CHINA... KEEP A'GOIN' (NO JAPS ALLOWED)
GOLLY! MAYBE IT'S JUST OVER THAT HILL!
BUT... AS JIMMY TOPS THE HILL ---!
CHINA
WOW! WHAT'S THIS?
SLOWLY, JIMMY GOES UP TO THE HUGE HEAD...
ENTRANCE
WELCOME
CHINA THIS WAY
TO CHINA
WELL... ... I WANT TO GET TO CHINA -- DON'T I?
I-I-I'M N-NO C-C-COWARD!
SO... JIMMY ENTERS!
ENTRANCE
CLOMP!!
... AND IMMEDIATELY THE HUGE MOUTH CLOSES!
JIMMY IS SWALLOWED! DOWN-DOWN HE GOES!...
...UNTIL...
GOSH! PHEW! IT'S WARM IN HERE!
BUMP!
HE LANDS... ON HIS DIGNITY!
... AND FINDS HIMSELF IN ---
HADES
JAPANESE DIVISION

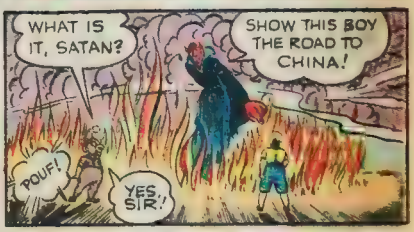

TIMIDLY, JIMMY KNOCKS...
I DON'T GET IT... BUT SINCE I'VE COME THIS FAR...
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN!

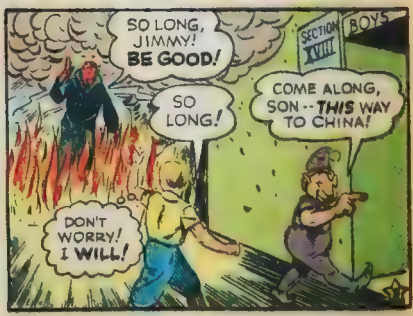
HE OPENS THE GREAT DOOR AND A RUSH OF HOT AIR ALMOST BLOWS HIM OVER! BUT -- IN HE GOES!

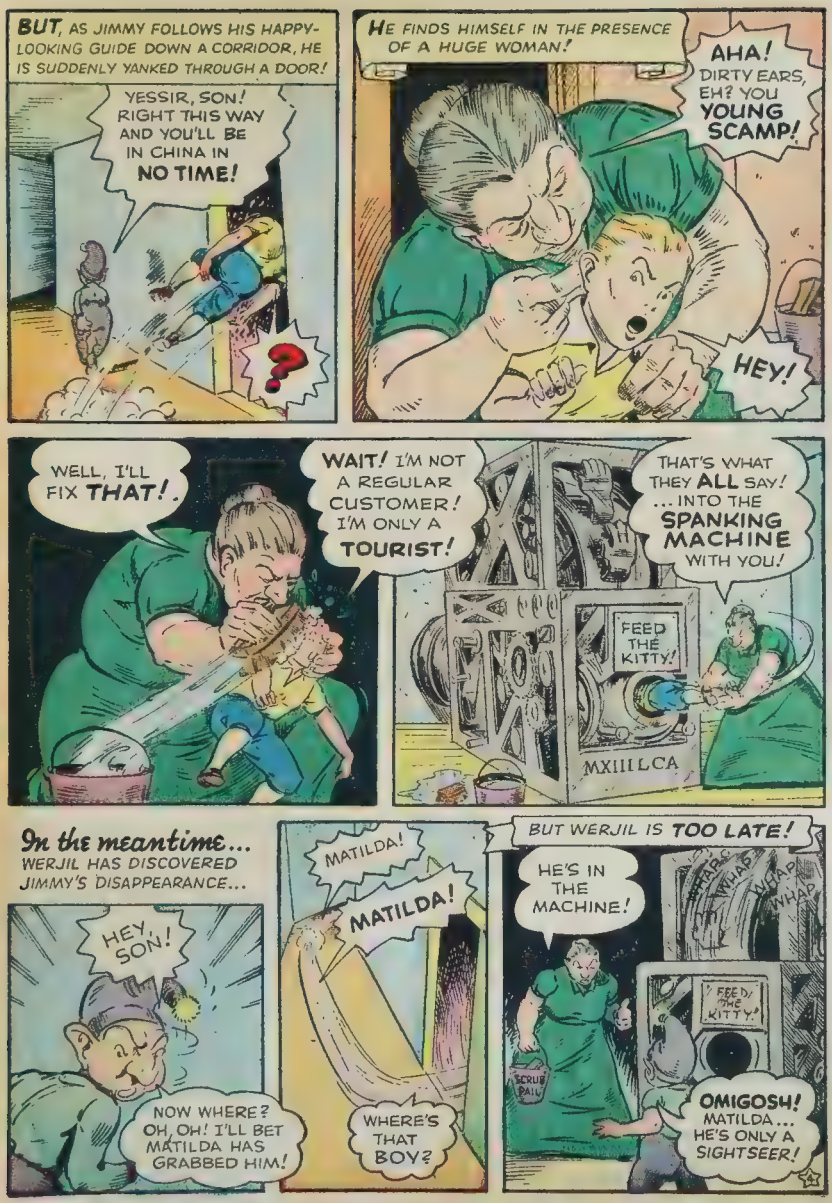
GULP!
INSIDE... JIMMY STOPS!...
G-GEE!


FOR ... THERE STANDS SATAN!
WELL--WELL! JIMMY JUPITER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
MMMMM--MHA! HA! HA! HA!
GEE! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! ...I HOPE!
I--I'M LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO CHINA!


PERHAPS I CAN ARRANGE IT SO YOU CAN HAVE A GUIDE!
WERJIL! OH, WERJIL!
G-GEE ... THANKS!


WHAT IS IT, SATAN?
SHOW THIS BOY THE ROAD TO CHINA!
POUF!
YES, SIR!


SO LONG, JIMMY! BE GOOD!
SECTION XVIII
BOYS
SO LONG!
COME ALONG, SON -- THIS WAY TO CHINA!
DON'T WORRY! I WILL!


BUT, AS JIMMY FOLLOWS HIS HAPPY-LOOKING GUIDE DOWN A CORRIDOR, HE IS SUDDENLY YANKED THROUGH A DOOR!
YESSIR, SON! RIGHT THIS WAY AND YOU'LL BE IN CHINA IN NO TIME!
?
HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF A HUGE WOMAN!
AHA! DIRTY EARS, EH? YOU YOUNG SCAMP!
HEY!
WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!.
WAIT! I'M NOT A REGULAR CUSTOMER! I'M ONLY A TOURIST!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! ... INTO THE SPANKING MACHINE WITH YOU!
FEED THE KITTY!
MXIIILCA
In the meantime... WERJIL HAS DISCOVERED JIMMY'S DISAPPEARANCE...
HEY, SON!
NOW WHERE? OH, OH! I'LL BET MATILDA HAS GRABBED HIM!
MATILDA!
MATILDA!
WHERE'S THAT BOY?
BUT WERJIL IS TOO LATE!
HE'S IN THE MACHINE!
WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP
FEED THE KITTY!
SCRUB PAIL
OMIGOSH! MATILDA ... HE'S ONLY A SIGHTSEER!

JIMMY SWIFTLY SHOOTS THROUGH THE MACHINE AND INTO A DARK TUBE!
OWWW! WHERE TO NOW?
THEN, SUDDENLY HE FINDS HIMSELF SITTING IN A SCHOOL ROOM...
WELL, WELL, I SEE WE HAVE A NEW PUPIL!
OH!
HEE HAW!
HOINK HAW!
NOW, NEW PUPIL... HERE IS YOUR FIRST QUESTION!
HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT?
"--- ---- --- ---- --- -- -------- ---- ----- -- -----!"
CORRECT! HMMM!?? MY BOY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT ROOM?
?
?
!
MUCH TO THE TEACHER'S SURPRISE... JIMMY ANSWERS CORRECTLY! COULD YOU? (WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE LAST PANEL FOR ANSWER.)
AT THAT MOMENT...THE DWARF ENTERS...
NO! HE'S NOT IN THE RIGHT ROOM!
WHAT?
HE'S A TOURIST! HE MUST COME WITH ME!
VERY WELL! SINCE HE'S ANSWERED MY QUESTION, I GUESS HE CAN GO...!
SO, WERJIL LEADS JIMMY SAFELY OUT!
BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
GOSH! --I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED!

OUTSIDE... THEY MEET A DAPPER YOUNG FELLOW!
WELL, LOOK. WHO'S HERE! HOWDY WERJIL, OLD FELLOW!
PHOOEY!
?
LISTEN HERE, TEMPTATION! THIS BOY IS JUST PASSING THROUGH ON HIS WAY TO CHINA! LEAVE HIM ALONE!
NONSENSE, WERJIL, MY LAD! JIMMY AND I ARE GOING TO BE GREAT FRIENDS! ... AREN'T WE, JIMMY? HAVE SOME CANDY?
DON'T EAT IT, JIMMY! DON'T!
GEE!... THANKS!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THAT OLD FUSS-BUDGET! HE'S A LITTLE "OFF"-- YOU KNOW!
TCH-- TCH!
MMPHFFF!
COME ALONG, JIMMY!
OH, SAY, JIMMY! WILL YOU HAVE A SMOKE?
OUR BOY
N-NO, THANKS!
OH, COME ALONG! DON'T BE A SISSY!
NO! I-I-- DON'T EVER SMOKE!
GO ON!
NO!
AT THAT MOMENT THEY PASS AN AMUSEMENT PARK! TEMPTATION CHANGES HIS APPROACH...
LOVELY, ISN'T IT?
AMUSEMENT PARK
ALL PLAY AND NO WORK
OH... LOOK!
PHOOEY!

LET'S GO IN, JIMMY!
MAY I, MR. WERJIL? I'LL JUST TAKE ONE RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!
OKAY! BUT IF YOU TAKE MORE THAN ONE RIDE, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO COME OUT!
SO... IN THEY GO!...
OBOY! WHEEE-EE!
BUT... WHEN THE RIDE IS OVER...
LET'S TAKE ANOTHER, JIMMY! WERJIL WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
TEMPTATION'S "CANDY" HAS WEAKENED JIMMY'S WILL!
HE ALMOST GIVES IN... WHEN SUDDENLY A NEWCOMER APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
LEAVE THE BOY ALONE, TEMPTATION!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHY... YOU MUST REMEMBER ME! I'M WILL POWER! EVERY TIME WE MEET I BEAT YOU UP!
LIKE THIS!
SMOSH!
OH, BOY!
... AND THIS!
THERE YOU ARE, JIMMY! NOW, RUN ALONG TO CHINA!
CALL ME WHENEVER YOU NEED ME!
WOW!
WHAP!
GEE!... THANKS VERY MUCH, MR. POWER!
AND SO, IN SHORT ORDER, JIMMY IS ONCE MORE ON THE ROAD TO CHINA!
SO LONG, JIMMY! JUST KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD!
GOODBYE, MR. WERJIL!
THANKS!
HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE: "YOU CAN'T GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT -- DOWN GROWS ON DUCKS!"
NEXT: "CHINA -- LAND OF THE DRAGONS!" IN MARVEL COMICS!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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The ANGEL in "THE CASE OF PROFESSOR TORTURE"

MUTILATED BODIES... FACES TWISTED INTO EXPRESSIONS OF INDESCRIBABLE AGONY! THESE WERE THE 'PRESENTS' SENT TO FAMILIES OF INNOCENT VICTIMS BY A CUNNING MADMAN ... IN THE STRANGEST CASE IN THE FILES OF THE **ANGEL**, ENEMY OF EVIL!

ONE WARM SUMMER MORNING, MIAMI BEACH RESIDENTS ARE HORROR-STRICKEN TO FIND THE MUTILATED BODIES OF DROWNED MEN WASHED UP ON SHORE!... THE POLICE ARE CALLED....

LOOKS LIKE THESE POOR FELLOWS WERE TORTURED TO DEATH!

YEAH! THIS GUY'S ARMS WERE TORN OFF!

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE SONS OF MANY OF THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN FLORIDA ARE SUDDENLY KIDNAPPED WITHOUT WARNING!

UHH!

THE NEXT DAY, THE FRANTIC FAMILIES RECEIVE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ENCLOSED:...

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THE FIEND!

WARNING!

WARNING! Here is your so... Send $100,000 or... and he dies by... torture same as other men... and will one day wash up... on the beach! ... Do not... tell police! ... or ELSE! Prof. Torture X

ONE FAMILY, THE ASTORBILTS, IGNORE THE WARNING!

HELLO! POLICE? THIS IS JONATHAN ASTORBILT... I'VE JUST RECEIVED A DEMAND FOR $100,000 FROM MY SON'S KIDNAPPER!

LATER... ON AN OLD PRISON SHIP WHICH HAS BEEN WASHED UP ON THE SECLUDED SHORE OF AN OLD COVE...

HA! YOUNG ASTORBILT! SO YOUR PARENTS DISREGARDED MY WARNING! VERY WELL! NOW I SHALL TORTURE YOU TO DEATH!

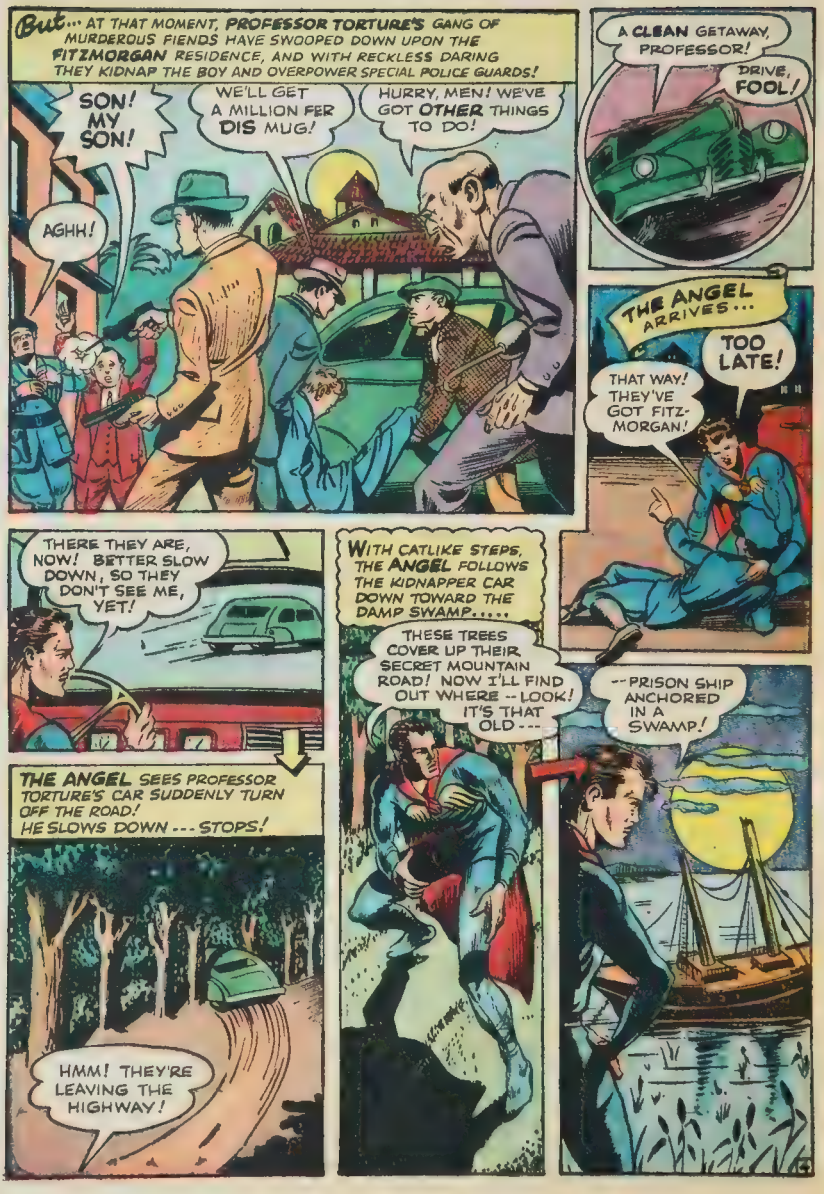
OOHHH!

THE NEWS OF THE KIDNAPPING WAVE IS FLASHED ACROSS THE CONTINENT AND COMES TO THE EARS OF THE ANGEL!

POLICE ARE BAFFLED ... NO CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF VICTIMS OR PROF. TORTURE... MANY FAMILIES ARE LEAVING FLORIDA...

HMM! SOUNDS INTERESTING!

THE ANGEL BOARDS A SWIFT PLANE TO MIAMI...
THAT KIDNAPPING GANG MUST OPERATE FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MIAMI BEACH!
THEY HAVE TAKEN THE SONS OF ONLY THE WEALTHIEST FAMILIES!
A FEW HOURS LATER ---
NOW, TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS!
YES, ANGEL, THIS PICTURE WAS RECEIVED BY THE ASTORBILTS! THEY REPORTED IT TO US, AND --- AN HOUR AGO, YOUNG ASTORBILT'S BODY WAS WASHED UP ON THE BEACH. TORTURED TO DEATH!
THEY MEAN BUSINESS, ALL RIGHT!
HANGING BY HIS THUMBS! WHY, THERE'S PART OF ANOTHER TORTURE DEVICE IN THE SAME PICTURE! REMINDS ME OF AN OLD TORTURE SHIP THAT ONCE WAS ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK!
IF YOU CAN "CRACK" THIS CASE FOR US WE'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL, ANGEL!
I MUST GO, NOW! THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!
THE ANGEL COMMANDEERS A FAST, UNMARKED POLICE CAR AND SPEEDS TO THE NEARBY HOME OF THE FITZMORGANS, RICHEST FAMILY IN MIAMI BEACH ... THEN ---
THAT POLICE CAPTAIN SAID HE THINKS YOUNG FITZMORGAN IS NEXT ON THE LIST--AND I'VE A HUNCH HE'S RIGHT! -- HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
... HE CHANGES TO THE COSTUME OF THE ANGEL!


But... AT THAT MOMENT, PROFESSOR TORTURE'S GANG OF MURDEROUS FIENDS HAVE SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE FITZMORGAN RESIDENCE, AND WITH RECKLESS DARING THEY KIDNAP THE BOY AND OVERPOWER SPECIAL POLICE GUARDS!
SON! MY SON!
AGHH!
WE'LL GET A MILLION FER DIS MUG!
HURRY, MEN! WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!
A CLEAN GETAWAY, PROFESSOR!
DRIVE, FOOL!
THE ANGEL ARRIVES...
TOO LATE!
THAT WAY! THEY'VE GOT FITZ-MORGAN!
THERE THEY ARE, NOW! BETTER SLOW DOWN, SO THEY DON'T SEE ME, YET!
THE ANGEL SEES PROFESSOR TORTURE'S CAR SUDDENLY TURN OFF THE ROAD! HE SLOWS DOWN --- STOPS!
HMM! THEY'RE LEAVING THE HIGHWAY!
WITH CATLIKE STEPS, THE ANGEL FOLLOWS THE KIDNAPPER CAR DOWN TOWARD THE DAMP SWAMP.....
THESE TREES COVER UP THEIR SECRET MOUNTAIN ROAD! NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE -- LOOK! IT'S THAT OLD ---
--PRISON SHIP ANCHORED IN A SWAMP!

INSIDE THE HORRIBLE PRISON SHIP, FIENDISH, PROFESSOR TORTURE DOESN'T LOSE A SECOND'S TIME. THE KIDNAPPED MAN IS TERROR-STRICKEN!
HANG HIM UPSIDE DOWN, MEN! I HAVE THE OIL ALL READY! --QUICK!
OKAY, BOSS!
NO!
OOOHH!
PUT THIS CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL UNDER HIS HEAD WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF OUR OTHER PATIENTS!
A PLEASURE, BOSS!
PROFESSOR TORTURE RETURNS FROM THE INSPECTION...
THE BOYS ARE DYING TOO QUICKLY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET MORE....!
MEANWHILE...
...NOW, TO CRASH THEIR LITTLE PARTY!
NOW I'LL JUST JACK UP THIS POT OF OIL UNTIL YOUR HEAD GOES RIGHT INTO IT!
NO, PLEASE! NO--NO!
SCREAMING WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! IF YOUR FATHER WANTS ME TO STOP, IT'LL COST HIM HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!
SUDDENLY...
SO, YOU'RE PROFESSOR TORTURE!
WHAT? --THE ANGEL!
HEY!
5

THE FURY OF THE ANGEL CATCHES THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR OFF GUARD! ...
AAAHH! HELP!
I'M GITTIN' OUT OF HERE!
HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, PAL!
IN THE NEXT ROOM ...
NOW I'LL SNAP FITZMORGAN'S PICTURE AND SEND IT TO --- HEY! --- WHAT'S THAT?
THE PERFESSOR'S YELLING FER HELP! COME ON!
OOF!
HERE'S YOUR ROTTEN BOSS, YOU SKUNKS!
THE ANGEL RUSHES OVER TO THE TERRIFIED YOUNG FITZMORGAN!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND, LAD!
S-SWELL!
OH!--
THE FIENDS QUICKLY REGAIN THEIR FEET!
GET HIM, MEN!
A NICE, FAST BULLET WILL STOP HIM, ALL RIGHT!
I'LL PUT REAL WINGS ON YOU WITH THIS ...
SHOOT! SHOOT!
LOOK OUT, MISTER!
UH-OH!

?
...AND HERE'S SOME NICE HOT OIL!
AAARR!
PROFESSOR TORTURE SNEAKS UP ON THE ANGEL!...
NOW FOR --?
I'LL RIP HIM APART!
UH!
GOOD THING I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU IN TIME!
MEANWHILE, ON DECK!
HE'LL BE UNDER THE TRAP ANY MOMENT NOW...
GOT ENOUGH, RATS?
UNNOTICED BY THE ANGEL, THE TRAP DESCENDS!
NOW!
NOW TO SAVE YOUNG FITZMORGAN AND THOSE FEW VICTIMS WHO ARE STILL ALIVE!
IN A FLASH, THE ANGEL IS TRAPPED AND LIFTED OFF THE FLOOR!...
WHY, YOU FIENDS!
GOOD! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SMARTER THAN PROFESSOR TORTURE, EH?
TIE HIM UP, BUT GOOD!
WE'LL PUT HIM IN THE IRON MAIDEN!
HE WON'T BREAK THESE ROPES, PERFESSOR!

THE ANGEL IS CARRIED DOWN INTO THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.
NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THE IRON MAIDEN!
THIS IS TH' FINISH OF TH' ANGEL! EH, PROF.?
THE FEARLESS ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED TOWARD THE DREADED IRON MAIDEN ---ONE OF THE WORST TORTURE DEVICES EVER INVENTED...
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE, LITTLE BOY! ... GO AHEAD!
SHOVE HIM IN, MEN... THE IRON MAIDEN WILL TEACH HIM NOT TO INTERFERE WITH PROFESSOR TORTURE!
SHUT UP!
WE'RE GOING BACK TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO SEND HOME TO HIS FOLKS -- THEN MAYBE WE'LL TORTURE HIM A LITTLE!
ME AND THE IRON MAIDEN WILL FIX THE ANGEL -- NICE AND SLOW!
YOU SAID IT, PERFESSOR!
YES, ANGEL... IF YOU EVER GET OUT!
HEE-HEE! THE ONLY WAY ANY-ONE EVER GOT OUT OF AN IRON MAIDEN WAS -- DEAD! HEE! HEE!
IF I EVER GET OUT -- I'LL DO THE FIXING --- YOU MURDERERS!
THE MADMAN AND HIS MAN LEAVE...
NOW I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR AND --- WHY, HE FAINTED! THEY ALL DO!
COME, COME! THIS IS NO WAY FOR A HERO TO ACT!
MY, WILL YOU BE SURPRISED!

THE THUG IS IMPALED ON THE NEEDLE-POINTED PRONGS OF THE DEVICE THAT WAS INTENDED FOR THE ANGEL!
AGGHHH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO TO ME, RAT!
THAT DOES IT!
THE ANGEL CUTS HIS BONDS ON THE SHARP SPIKES OF THE IRON MAIDEN! ...
AND NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE PROFESSOR TORTURE A DOSE OF SOME MIGHTY BITTER MEDICINE! --HIS OWN!
Meanwhile... IN THE MAIN TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE PRISON SHIP -- THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR HAS TRANSFERRED HORROR-STRICKEN YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO A STRETCHING RACK! ...
YOUR FATHER HAD BETTER COME ACROSS WITH THE MONEY IN A HURRY --OR I'LL TEAR YOU APART --UNDERSTAND?
DON'T EXPECT THE ANGEL TO HELP YOU, EITHER --- BECAUSE HE'S DEAD BY NOW!
WATCH THE BOIDIE, BRAT!
SUDDENLY...
I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE--AND I'LL PROVE IT!
WHAT? THE ANGEL!
YOU!
KNOCKING YOUR TWO BRAINS TOGETHER STILL ADDS UP TO NOTHING!

THE FORCE OF THE PUSH KNOCKS THE TWO FIENDS INTO A GUILLOTINE... THE PROFESSOR'S HOOK HITS THE CORD RELEASE! ...
... AND THE RAZOR-EDGED BLADE DROPS AS A FINAL CURTAIN ON THEIR EVIL CAREERS.
AND THAT'S THAT!
AND NOW FOR THAT MUG ON DECK!
THERE HE IS!
WONDER WHAT MY SHARE WILL BE...
THIS!
!
AGGRR!
A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE ANGEL RELEASES A GRATEFUL FITZMORGAN.
YOU ARE THE ONLY VICTIM STILL ALIVE!
GOSH, MISTER! IF NOT FOR YOU ... I'D HAVE BEEN TORTURED TO DEATH, TOO!
T-THANKS!
I'VE BOUND THE LAST GANGSTER TO THE MAST! NOW, DRESS AND INFORM THE LAW, WILL YOU?
YOU BET I WILL! ... WITH PLEASURE!
WHEN THE POLICE AND YOUNG FITZMORGAN RETURN, THE ANGEL HAS VANISHED, BUT HIS SHADOW STILL LINGERS ON, A WARNING TO ALL EVIL!
YES! ... AND THE ANGEL WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

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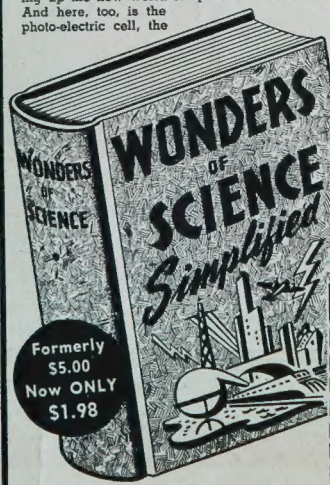

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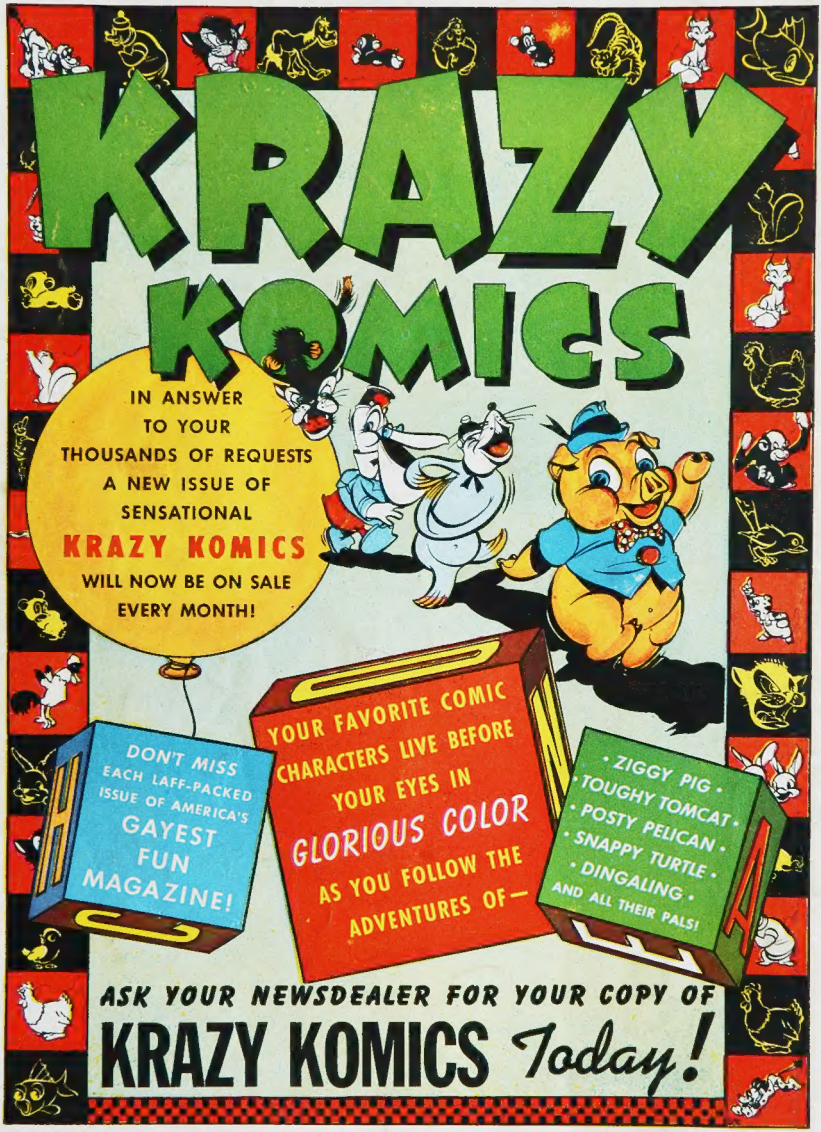
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